

JULY

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



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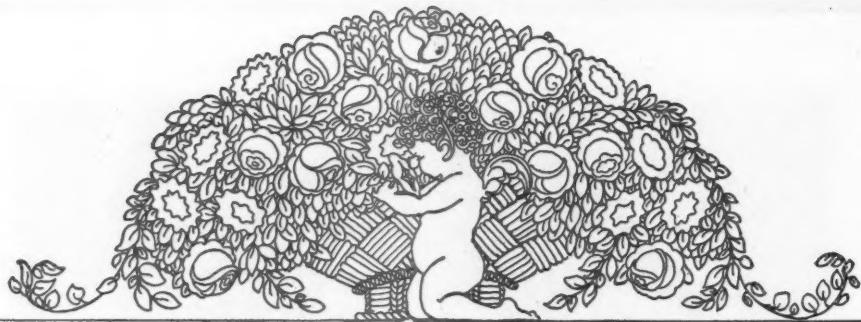


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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume II

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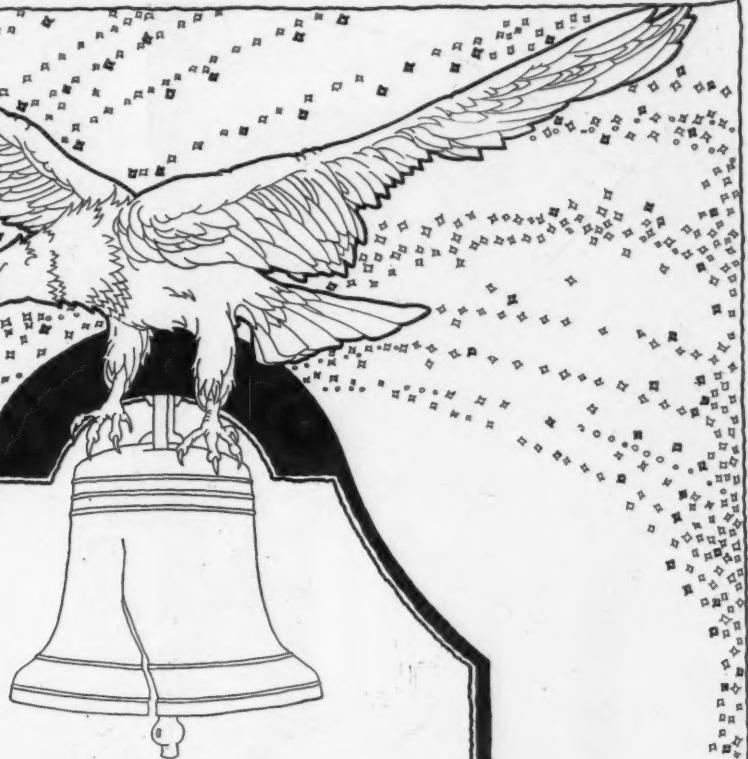


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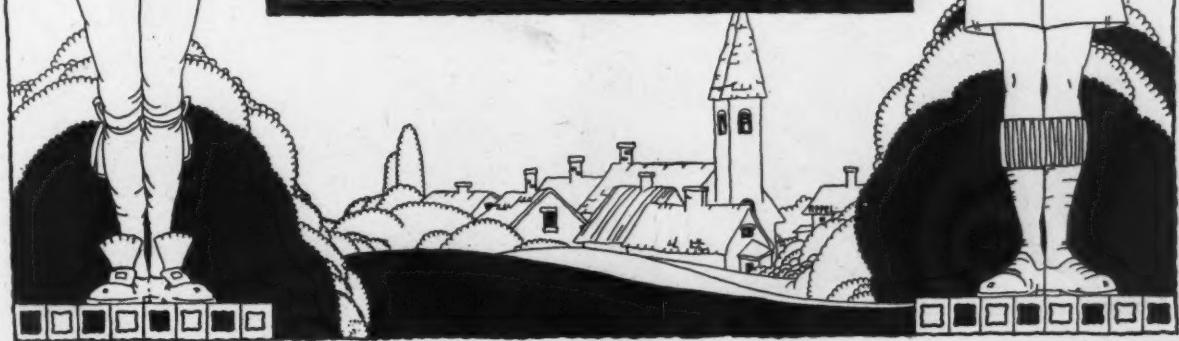
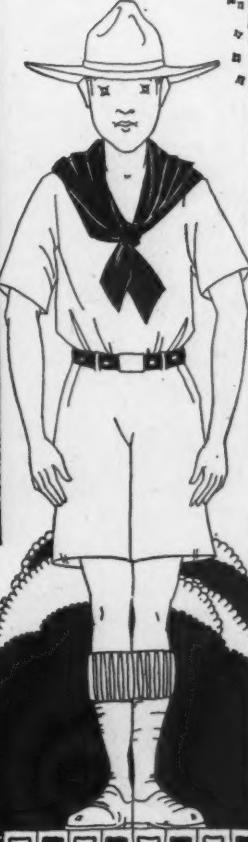
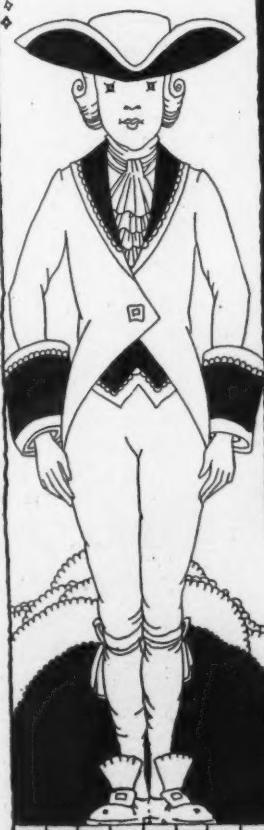
FOREVER

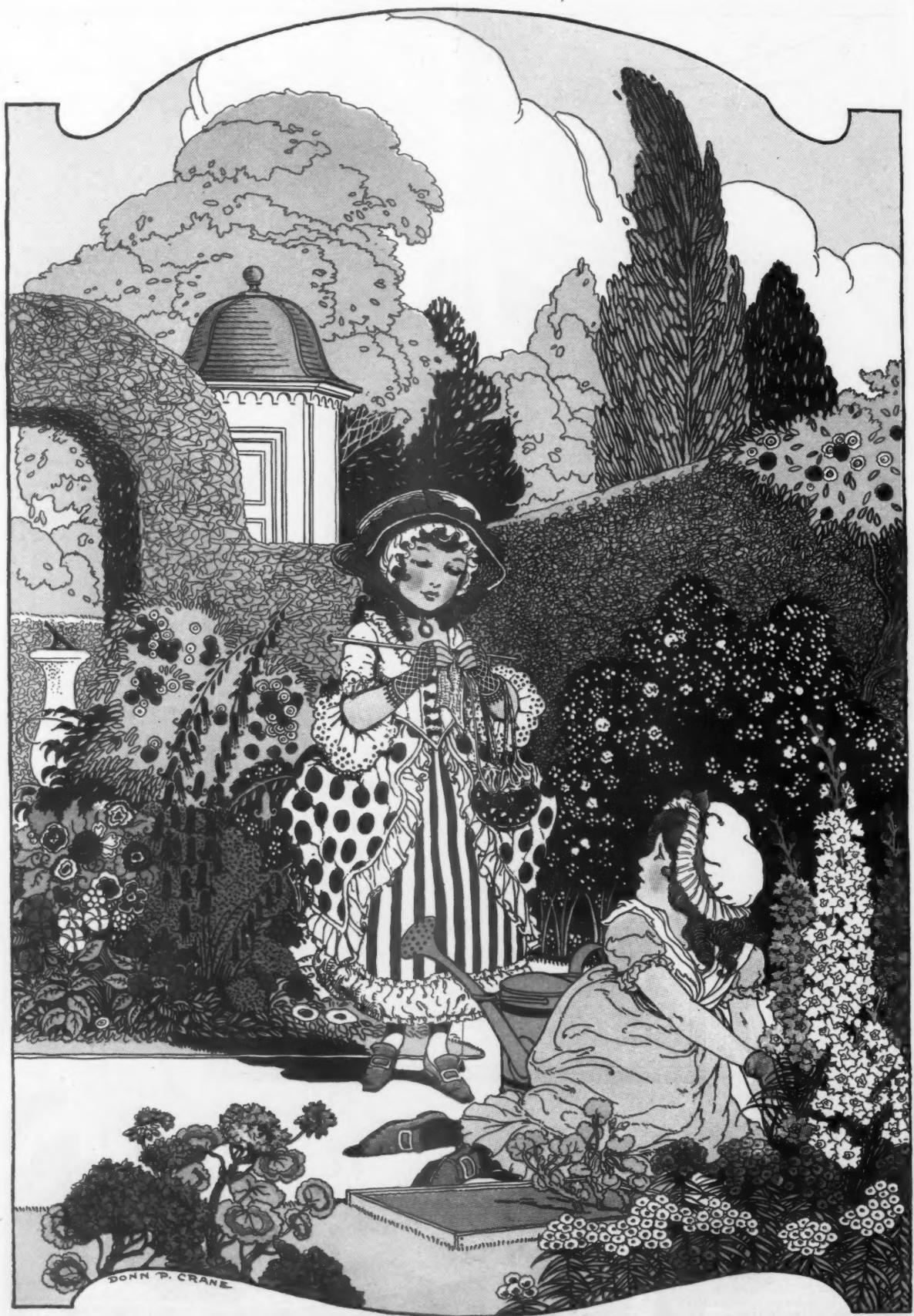
THERE'S a joyous sound in the summer air
A wondrous ring.
The cities and hamlets their gladness declare,
The hilltops sing.

The eagles' wings through the cloudless sky
With joy beat fast,
For this rapturous sound is no battle cry,
Nor bugle blast.

And how far reaching its wave-lengths are
Let ages tell,
For those glorious tones were sent afar
By Independence Bell.

Rose Maldo, editor.





MY PAPOOSE LADY

NADONIS SHAWA WHITE EAGLE

LITTLE red bird on the wing,
Such a pretty feathered thing,
Like an Indian Baby;
Lazy breeze is passing by,
Yellow sun peeps from on high,
Summer rain hides in the sky
For my Papoose Lady.

Young deer leaps across the green,
Squirrels here and there are seen,
Come for playtime maybe;
Fading bird cries fill the air
Sunset sky, in colors rare,
Paint the sleepy twilight there
For my Papoose Lady.

Little red bird in his nest,
Cuddling by his mother's breast,
Just like Indian Baby;
Shuts his eyes by mother's song,
Rest at night makes wings grow strong,
Then he flies with morning's throng
Just for Papoose Lady.

Soft winds sing the wood to sleep,
Watch o'er nest and tepee keep
In the forest shady.
Sleep, my dear, till break of day,
Till the dawn, so pink and gray,
Steals within your tent to say,
Wake! My Papoose Lady!

DONN P.
CRANE





TYPES OF CHILDREN

BETSY CLARK, PATRIOT

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of *The Mary Jane Series, Foxy Squirrel in the Garden, Billy Robin and His Neighbors, Junior Cook Book, The Camp at Gravel Point, etc.*

THIS is a good day!" exclaimed Betsy happily, as she studied the June sky one morning in 1775 and saw the masses of lovely white clouds that cast shifting shadows over the garden. "See, Grandmother? There is sun and there is shade. That is just what we have wanted for setting out the slips."

Grandmother Clark looked out over the garden of the beautiful homestead on the edge of Concord, Massachusetts, and nodded approvingly.

"You are right, child," she said, "and if we start at once we shall get our geraniums planted ere noon time. I will plant and you shall make the paper cones for covering them from the too warm sunshine till this afternoon."

Betsy fetched the shallow box of slips from the pantry window board while her grandmother brought spade and watering can from the store room and soon they were hard at work in the flower garden.

"When will Father come home?" asked Betsy, as she watched her grandmother work. "There are many things I would tell him, Grandmother."

Mrs. Clark looked keenly at the troubled face of the little girl as she replied, "Tomorrow at dawn we expect him. But what troubles thee, child?"

"It was at market this morning," began Betsy, the words fairly tumbling out in relief at being spoken. "Old



Jothan, who you know, Grandmother, you have told me has sold us onions since long

ere I was born, said to me, "Tell your mother these are the last she may have whilst she feeds a royalist!" And old Susie grumbled and asked how soon Aunt Jane and Cousin Elizabeth would be returning to England. Know they not that these are our kinsfolk come for a visit? And I fear to trouble Mother for she loves her sister Jane.

Should I tell her, Grandmother?"

Mrs. Clark stopped her work an instant to look thoughtfully at her grandchild.

"You are not quite ten," she admitted reluctantly, "but you have good thoughts, Betsy. You are right not to trouble your mother. And fret not yourself about the idle talk of market people. Your father will be home come dawn and he will know just what to do. It is but politics and they are not for women. Now let us to work."

One slip was set out and then another, when Elizabeth came down the garden path to say that Grandmother was wanted at a neighbor's to start a weaving pattern, and off Grandmother went, leaving the slips to Betsy.

Now the little girl didn't mind this one bit; she felt herself quite grown up enough to make a garden even if Grandmother wasn't there. Measuring with her arm, she plunked her white elbow into the soil to mark the place where the next slip was to go and planted it carefully in her best style. Then she looked up at Cousin Elizabeth who had lingered, watching.

Standing there in the summer sunshine, Elizabeth looked as different as could be from the little garden maker at her feet. Her dress was a stiff, heavy silk, rich and

colorful and generously trimmed with lace. Her hair was dressed fashionably and she wore a gold necklace with a handsome locket. Betsy, on the other hand, wore a dress of homewoven cotton, made with a full, flowing skirt to be sure, but untrimmed except for the collar of white, homespun cotton.

Their names, apparently so similar, were really quite as different as their clothes, for Elizabeth was named for an English queen while Betsy's name was the proud heritage from a brave pioneer great-grandmother.

But neither little girl thought much of clothes or names—they were so used to their differences. Betsy well knew that she had had lovely silks and laces—as much as had been fitting for a little girl—but that those frocks were now long outgrown and that loyal Americans, such as her family were, bought no more goods from England. Indeed, why should they pay

heavy, unjust duties when gowns of cotton would do quite well? Elizabeth, on the other hand, had come from England

with her mother for a visit with her dear aunt Patience, Betsy's mother, and quite naturally she had brought her loveliest things with her to do honor to her hostess. Little had they all thought when this visit was planned, that trouble between the two countries would make so many painful difficulties as now arose. Imagine! Being refused food because an English sister was a guest in one's home! Yet one could hardly blame the country-folk, for feeling ran high and sometimes overcame good sense.

"Want to help?" Betsy asked her cousin.



Loving flowers as she did, she thought it a privilege to work with them. But Elizabeth's tastes ran otherwise. She loved her knitting and her embroidery and her beautiful sampler was a continual reproach to Betsy.

"Forsooth, no!" she laughed, "and come you as soon as you can, Betsy dear, to the morning room so that we may work together. I have an idea for a new stitch I want to show you." And with that she danced back into the house leaving Betsy to her grubby task.

For a few minutes Betsy worked diligently, then she raised up to stretch her cramped muscles and to start a second row. Taking a long breath in the glorious sunshine she glanced up to the top of the hedge—and looked straight into a pair of strange brown eyes. She could tell they were strange, for all her family had blue eyes and anyway, no brown-eyed person in Concord had such dark brown skin as she saw in the face before her.

"If you want anything," she said, "you must go to the kitchen and ask my mother."

The stranger smiled, showing a dazzling row of white teeth but he stood right there and replied, "Want a bird? Want to buy a bird?"

From somewhere, Betsy couldn't see just where he had kept it because of the tall hedge, he produced a sorry-looking green parrot and held it toward her.

"Oh!" cried Betsy rapturously, "will it talk?"

The man grinned happily. "Bird say, 'Hay after dark! Hay after dark! Hay after dark! Quiet! Alone!' Bird say."

Betsy almost blinked, she was so surprised. Such a funny thing for a bird to say! She had never seen a parrot, but she had heard they always asked for crackers or said, "Pretty Poll!"

"You Miss Betsy?" the man went on, "Miss Betsy Clark?" And when Betsy nodded he repeated, "Bird say, 'hay after dark, quiet, alone.'"

"But the bird doesn't say it! You say it," cried Betsy, suddenly realizing that the bird had done nothing but blink in the sunshine. "Sell him to me and I will hear him say it himself."

"Me no sell," replied the man hastily. "Bird say, 'now good-by!'" and with that his face disappeared.

Betsy ran to the end of the hedge; then she went entirely around the garden, calling all the while. But no one answered. No one was to be seen.

Puzzled, she went back to her work and though she set out the geranium slips every bit as well as her careful grandmother could have done them, she was thinking of the strange man.

Suddenly, just as the last slip was in place, a thought came to her.

"That's just like a story John read me!" she exclaimed aloud, in her surprise at the thought. "A bird man carried a message to a man in a Roman prison. And that helped in his escape. Now isn't that funny?"



Betsy wished desperately that brother John were at home so she could ask him about it. But he had been gone these many days and weeks and no one would tell her where he was and when he would return. She only knew that when his name was mentioned her mother held her head high, though tears came to her eyes, and her father said that children should not ask questions.

Puzzling over the whole thing, Betsy went in to dinner. She had decided to say nothing about her visitor. He was gone; no harm was done. Why worry her mother who was already much harrassed by many strange happenings?

Betsy helped Elizabeth lay the table for dinner and then, after the meal was finished, the two little girls sat down to their knitting.

"They do say," said Elizabeth as she rocked by the window, "that spies are about. While you were in the garden I heard a neighbor tell Auntie that she must keep her doors locked. And afterwards Mother said that she wished Father would arrange our passage back to safe England, for she liked not the looks given her in Concord. Oh, Betsy dear, I hope we will not have to go ere our visit is done!"

Betsy threw loving arms around her cousin, who, though different in many ways, was such a beloved companion. But as she again picked up her work a sudden thought struck her. Spies! Message! A parrot that did not talk for itself! Could that have been a message from John who hoped she would remember their story and understand—something? Why, that would be like a story

book! Surely plain little Betsy Clark of Concord could not be imagining such fantastic things! But all the same she kept her peace.

"Tonight I will go to the barn after dark and see," she resolved. "Then will I know." And with that brave resolution, she began chattering so that Elizabeth would not notice her thoughtfulness.

It seemed to Betsy that night would never come! Twenty times she resolved to tell her mother and as many times changed her mind. If only her father were home—but he wasn't and she hated to worry her mother with what might prove only foolish imaginings!

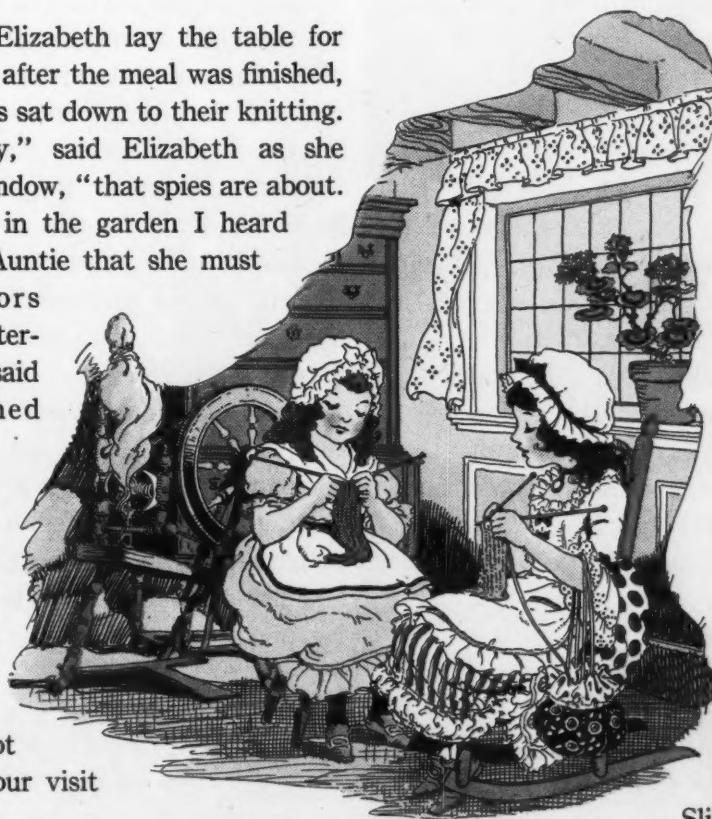
The late June twilight finally settled over the Clark household and Betsy in her room heard sounds of locking up—then all was still.

Tucking her shoes under her arm, she crept down the back stairs. Ugh! How dark it was! But bravely she kept on and let herself out of the pantry window. Of course the keys to the locked doors were in her mother's room!

Slipping into her shoes, she crept out through the garden to the barn and opened the small side door.

A whisper greeted her and in an instant she was in the arms—of her big brother!

"My brave little sister!" he whispered lovingly, "I thought you would understand and come! My friend stained his face and dressed to remind you of our story of the Roman spy. I must get a message to father



in the morning and I could not come by daylight. Have they told you I am in Washington's army?"

"John!" cried Betsy, almost forgetting the need for quiet, so great was her pride. "Are you really? I'm so glad! So now the trouble will soon be over. Only John, dear, you'll be very careful and not get hurt?"

"Oh, yes, Pussy, now don't you fret yourself about me!" he laughingly replied. "It is you here who are in more danger because of Aunt Jane and Elizabeth. I did not want Mother to know how serious it is for it will hurt her tender heart. But Father must get Aunt Jane and Elizabeth away at once—not only for your safety but for their's, for the temper of our sorely-tried countrymen is not to be depended on longer. Washington has become the commander of our troops and even now is on his way to Boston. Tell Father to get Aunt Jane and Betsy there tomorrow without fail. Tell him I told you and that I had reason to know whereof I speak. Now one kiss, sister mine."

Betsy felt a bear-like hug and he was gone. There was not a sound in the stillness.

Slowly, her thoughts in a tumult, she crept back toward the house, climbed into the window (no easy task for it was not close to the ground) and up the dark stair

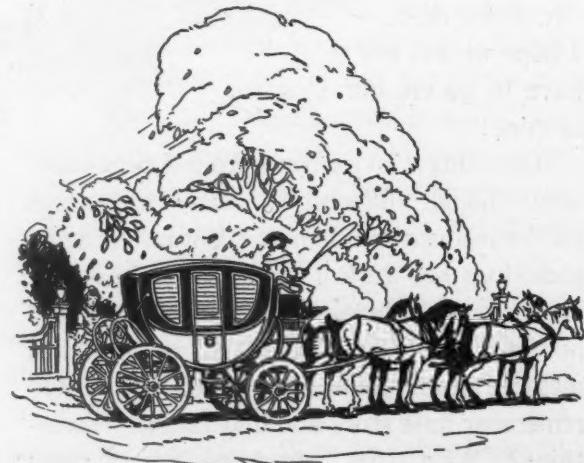
to her room. She dozed fitfully, but ere dawn she was awake and hurried downstairs where she greeted her father on his arrival.

He listened to her story gravely, praised her courage and her good sense and, as a reward, told her all about the trouble with the mother country because of a selfish king and how their neighbors, not understanding, blamed all English folk for the shortcomings of a few.

"We will not worry our family," he told Betsy. "We will tell them I am unexpectedly called to Boston, as indeed I am, and that I will take them with me for the journey. Thus will they be safe and unfretted by thoughts of misunderstanding."

If you read your histories, you will learn that in the early summer of 1775, some English visitors made a sudden departure for Boston. Of course the historian did not know of Betsy, for she never let her story be known until years afterwards when she told it to her children. And years after that, they told it to their children and so it became known.

As for Betsy, she missed her cousin to be sure, and many times wished for her good company. But always a glance at that geranium bed comforted her, for it seemed to remind her of her soldier brother John and her small but important part in helping him.





PUZZLE—FIND COLUMBIA

HELEN HUDSON

WE'RE very patriotic
As you can plainly see.
This birthday of our country
We celebrate with glee.

Columbia guides our footsteps
And, where her path may go,
We'll march along right valiantly
Though mighty be the foe!

HELEN
HUDSON

LITTLE-BLUE-WILLOW-PLATE

By DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN

THE Little-Blue-Willow-Plate lived in the Corner Cupboard. Other things lived in the Corner Cupboard, too. Oh dear me, yes! There were quite ex-tra-or-di-na-ry things. There was Red-Tea-Pot that turned up its little spout-nose with such an air. There was Silver-Mug—not an ordinary Silver-Mug, mind you. And there was Crystal-Rose-Bowl. She was all rainbowy and lovely in the firelight. Cologne-Bottle was there, too, with her fine gold cap, to say nothing of Pink-China-Clock! Never mind if it did sing out six o'clock when it *meant* bedtime. It was an ex-traordinary—a very ex-tra-or-di-na-ry Pink-China-Clock, you must know.

And then, of course, there was Little-Blue-Willow-Plate. He was quite a common thing, the others thought. He had curious blue things all over him. He had little blue houses with peaked roofs. He had also little blue trees with blue apples that looked for all the world like balloons on a stem. Then there were little blue bridges over little blue rivers and—I declare—little blue men trotting across. And over the little blue bridges and houses and trees were two blue birdies with their blue beaks close together.

"Dear me! Such a *common* creature!" snapped Red-Tea-Pot.

"Such a *crazy* creature!" Silver-Mug said.

"Such an *ugly* creature!" declared Crystal-

Rose-Bowl, thinking of her *own* beauty.

"Such a *queer* creature!" cried Cologne-Bottle. While Pink-China-Clock just made an ugly face and clasped her hands, which was quite as if she had said, "That common thing is out of place. We are all fine and dainty. His place is in the kitchen among the pots and pans!"

One day the Corner-Cupboard folk were chattering among themselves. Blue-Willow-Plate listened quietly in his place against the shelf.

The Red-Tea-Pot began, "I am both useful and beautiful. No other tea-pot could take my place. Little Madame cannot do without me!" And the Tea-Pot blushed red with foolish pride.

Silver-Mug, not to be outdone, said in the lordliest way, "I am silver.

Solid Silver, I tell you! The lips of little princesses have touched me. Read my engraving! Behold my Royal Crest!"

"Ah," murmured Crystal-Rose-Bowl, "I shouldn't want a Royal Crest. I have held the roses of a hundred summers. Just see how the firelight sets my colors dancing. They are the spirits of all those withered roses."

"Nonsense!" cried Cologne-Bottle, who had stood it long

enough. "I have scented the gowns of grand ladies. One drop of me is worth all of you. I hold the fragrance of a garden of violets."





Gracious! Why can't you understand?"

"Fie upon you all!" scolded Pink-China-Clock. "I was made in Switzerland. Who of you can say that? Kings have looked into my face for the time o' day. Ah me! To think I have come to live in a Corner-Cupboard!"

Then because Red-Tea-Pot, Silver-Mug, Crystal-Rose-Bowl, Cologne-Bottle and Pink-China-Clock had seen better days, each and every one said, "Ah me! Ah me! Ahhhh me!"

Now the Little-Blue-Willow-Plate had been listening all this time. He felt sorry from the bottom of his little blue heart. *For, if he had a heart, I'm sure it must have been blue.*

So he said, "You poor dear things, you poor dear things!"

At that, Red-Tea-Pot, Silver-Mug, Cologne-Bottle, Crystal-Rose-Bowl, Pink-China-Clock sat up very stiff and straight. They had almost forgotten Little-Blue-Willow-Plate. Almost, but *not quite!*

And then—if you'll believe me—Red-Tea-Pot said this: "Tut, tut! Who are you but a common serving dish? Kitchen Crockery! Tut! Tut! Tut!" And—if you *will* believe me—the others said in the same unkind way, "Kitchen Crockery! Tut! Tut! Tut!"

Just then, the wee glass door of the Corner-Cupboard was opened. Little Madame was taking out—the Blue-Willow-Plate! Two little voices cried, "Oh, what a sweet little dish! Tell us about it, Little Madame!" The two little voices belonged to two little girls.

Little Madame held the Blue-Willow-Plate ever so carefully. How shiny and round it was in the firelight! Then she told a wondrous story—all about that Blue-Willow-Plate. She told them all about those little blue houses and bridges and trees and birds and the little men crossing the bridge. Oh yes, and she told them all about the *prettiest* little princess!

It was such a wondrous story the little girls said "Ohs" and "Ahs" with very round mouths.

"Now," finished Little Madame, "we shall fill Blue-Willow-Plate with cookies and have a tea-party." And you know how little girls like tea-parties!

I suppose you think that the Blue-Willow-Plate was put back in the Corner-Cupboard? Well, it *wasn't*. For ever after that little Blue-Willow-Plate lived on the friendly mantelpiece. And everybody who came to Little Madame's fireside said: "What a dear little plate!"



LITTLE ONE SHOE

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

LITTLE ONE SHOE looked under the bed and over by the Chest of Drawers, and pretty nearly everywhere, but she could not find her other shoe.

"Oh, dear!" said she, very much put out. "Where can it be? Perhaps I left it downstairs last night."

"Which is a very bad habit," remarked the Chest of Drawers.

"Yes, indeed!" said the Big Rocking Chair.

"An extremely bad habit," agreed the Bed. "There is a place for everything, you know."

"Certainly!" added the Little Red Rocker.

Little One Shoe really looked dreadfully provoked. It certainly was no concern of theirs that she could not find her shoe, but she thought it best not to say anything, for they were talking just like Mother talked, and of course everybody knows Mother-talk is always quite right, even though you rather rebel sometimes.

Then she took another look, behind the door, and in the closet, and under the Little Red Rocker, and when the shoe was not to be found there, hippity-hop she went downstairs.

"Do-o-ong!" clanged Grandfather Clock in the lower hall.

"Ting!" echoed Little Swiss Clock on the mantel.

"Half past eight!" exclaimed Little One Shoe. "Oh, dear, I fear I shall be late for school! By any chance have you seen my other shoe, Grandfather Clock?"

"Tick-no! Tick-no!" answered Grandfather Clock in his sedate way.

"Have you, Little Swiss Clock?"

"Tock-not! Tock-not!" retorted the little clock quickly.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" wailed Little One Shoe. "I have to eat my breakfast, feed the goldfish, and gather my books together, and look again for my shoe, and with all that to do I am sure I shall never get to school on time."

"Tick-no! Tick-no!" agreed Grandfather Clock.

"Tock-not! Tock-not!" repeated Little Swiss Clock.

Then hippity-hop went Little One Shoe into the living room, peering into every hole and corner.

"Ha!" cried the Big Mirror who saw most everything. "What is the trouble, Little One Shoe?"

"I have looked high and low but





"I cannot find my other shoe," answered Little One Shoe in great distress. "Perhaps you have seen it, Big Mirror?"

"I have indeed," replied the Big Mirror, in a reproving tone of voice. "You pulled it off down here last night, Little One Shoe, and what is more you left it down here."

"Oh, so I did!" said Little One Shoe, very much elated. "I remember now that I left it beside the Wing Chair."

But when Little One Shoe looked beside the Wing Chair her other shoe was not to be found.

"Have you seen it, Wing Chair?" she asked.

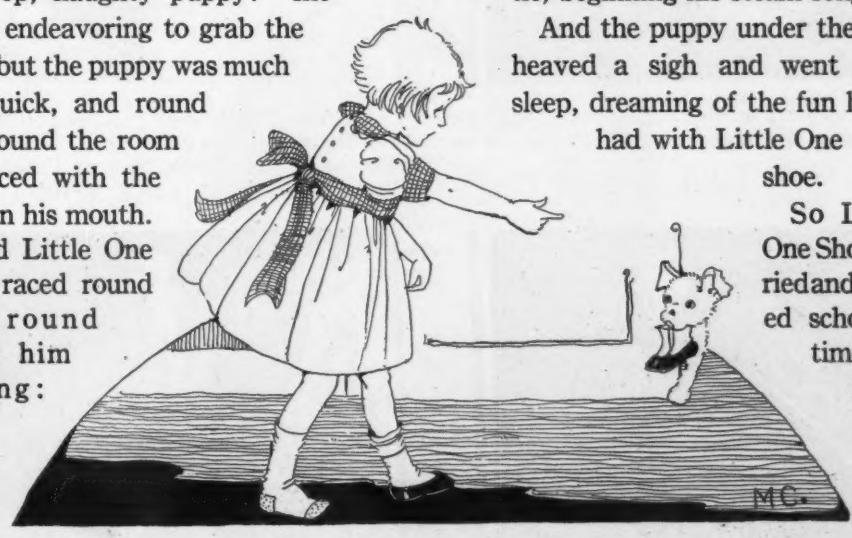
"I won't tell!" replied Wing Chair mysteriously.

"The puppy was in here a moment ago," said the Big Mirror. "You had better run quick, Little One Shoe, and see if he has carried off your shoe."

Little One Shoe went hippity-hop all through the house searching for the puppy, and at last she found him in the kitchen under the dresser, fiercely shaking her shoe.

"Stop, naughty puppy!" she cried, endeavoring to grab the shoe, but the puppy was much too quick, and round and round the room he raced with the shoe in his mouth.

And Little One Shoe raced round and round after him crying:



"Drop my shoe! Drop my shoe, naughty puppy!"

But of course the puppy did not drop the shoe for he was having a perfectly beautiful time, thinking all the while that Little One Shoe was playing with him, and he shook it and shook it and growled in impish glee.

Then, just as Little One Shoe was about to catch him, he darted under the big kitchen stove.

"Now," said he, cocking his little head sidewise and peeping out, "you can't possibly get me."

"You can't catch him!" chuckled the Stove.

"Oh, yes, I can," cried Little One Shoe, thoroughly out of patience, and down she went on her hands and knees and recovered her little shoe from the puppy's sharp teeth.

"There!" she cried. "I did!"

The puppy cocked his head sidewise again and didn't say a word.

"I am glad Little One Shoe found her shoe," said the Stove.

"I'm glad, too!" said Kitchen Chair. "So am I! So am I!" said the Kettle, beginning his steam-song.

And the puppy under the stove heaved a sigh and went off to sleep, dreaming of the fun he had had with Little One Shoe's shoe.

So Little One Shoe hurried and reached school on time after all.



JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

"Pudgy, what would you like to be when you grow up?" asked Bud as they set off their fireworks on the Fourth

JUST LIKE THIS

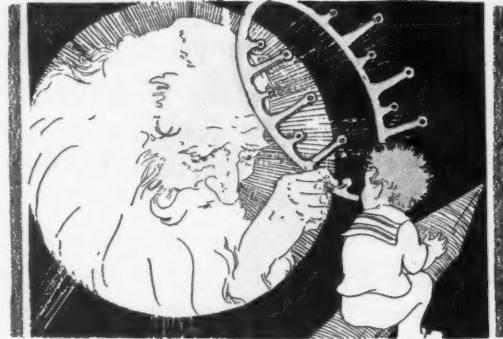


"Oh," said Pudgy, "I'm gonna make fireworks! I'll make a skyrocket so big I can sit on it, and then I'll set fire to its tail

JUST LIKE THIS

"I think the rays of light around Mars come from his shiny crown and when I arrive he'll say, 'Hello, Pudge!' and raise his crown

JUST LIKE THIS



"And I'll say, 'How are you, Mars, old boy? I came to see if I could find some playmates on your good face,' and I'll bow

JUST LIKE THIS



"And go way up to visit Mars to find out for myself if people live there. S-S-S-S and I'll be off

JUST LIKE THIS



"He'll say, 'Welcome! Just land on Nose Mountain where there's a good view.' Wouldn't I learn some secrets for Uncle Sam as I stand there,

JUST LIKE THIS





THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

By GEORGENE FAULKNER—*The Story Lady*

*Author of The Story Lady's Book, Christmas Stories,
Old English Nursery Tales, Sammy's Service Star, etc.*

THE old Liberty Bell stands in a place of honor in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. It has done its work in the world and now its busy tongue is still. It has been to visit some of the great exhibitions in different parts of our country, but now it will never be moved again, and if you children want to see the great bell, you must ask your father or mother to take you to it the very next time you go to Philadelphia.

There are so many interesting things to see in Philadelphia that it would take many stories to tell you all about them; but

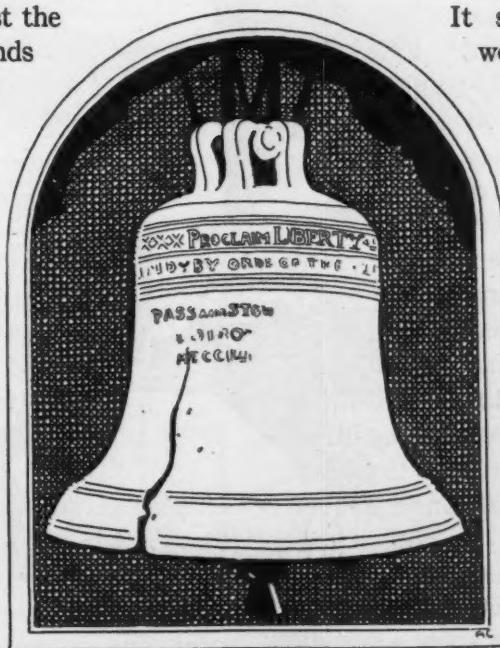
I am sure you will like best the old Liberty Bell. It stands near the great staircase in Independence Hall; a guard is stationed nearby; so that no harm may ever come to it.

Many many years ago the colonists in Philadelphia wished to have a big bell in the belfry of their State House. Some of the people remembered the deep voice of "Old Tom," the big bell in the old clock tower of Westminster, in London. And so they wanted a bell

just like the one back home in England. Therefore, a bell was modeled just like "Old Tom," and was made in London by Thomas Lester in 1752. While on its journey to this country, the new bell was badly damaged, and so it had to be recast here in America. This was done by the firm Pass & Stowe of Philadelphia in the year 1753, as you can see by the words and Roman numerals on the side of the bell. You can also read the words "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

It seems strange that these words should have been inscribed upon it so long before the bell was rung out to proclaim liberty. Those words were a prophecy of what was to take place in that famous old State House, on that Fourth of July so long ago.

When the big bell was finished, a goodly company went to the foundry of Pass & Stowe to test it. Isaac Norris, Chairman of the Committee which was appointed to superintend



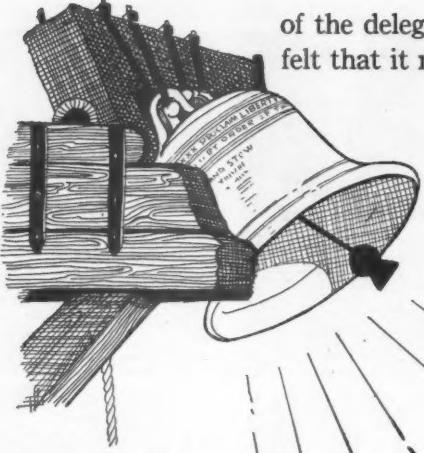
the purchase of the bell, was there, and his young niece, as well as the famous Benjamin Franklin. It was a very important moment when John Pass placed a small hammer in the hands of the beautiful young woman and she struck the bell. The notes rang out loud and clear, and the committee was well pleased with the work of Pass & Stowe and accepted the bell, and it was hung high up in the belfry of the State House, April 17, 1753.

For many years the bell called the people together in the old hall where they assembled as loyal subjects under the British Crown. Later it tolled out, calling these colonists to important meetings, where they sought to preserve their rights under the King of England. But at last the bell was called upon to ring in defiance of George III. And this was how it came about.

For many months, while Washington and his brave soldiers were fighting for liberty, Congress had been meeting and talking about this plan for freedom from the unjust laws of England. At last five men were appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence. These men were Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston; but as Thomas Jefferson wrote most of the all-important paper he has been called "the Father of the Declaration of Independence."

When this committee of five presented the paper to the Continental Congress it spent a few days making certain changes here and there. Some

of the delegates from the different colonies felt that it must not be adopted, and many were the discussions in regard to it; but at last all were agreed and a unanimous vote of the thirteen states was taken.



You can step into the big room where this important paper was signed, and there you will see the table upon which it was signed and the chair used by John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress. He was the first to sign his name and this he did in large clear letters, saying as he did so, "There, John Bull can read my name without spectacles. Now, let him double the price on my head, for this is my defiance." Then he turned to the other members and said very solemnly, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," answered Franklin, his eyes twinkling with humor, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."



Then, one after another, these leaders of men, whose pictures you may see upon the walls of that room, put their names to the paper which gave us our liberty.

Meanwhile, out in the street near the State House, an excited crowd of people gathered to hear the important news.

"They will never dare to sign it," said one.

"Indeed they will," said another. "They are signing it now."

So, throughout the day,



many were the questions asked and answered by the anxious crowd, as it surged and struggled toward the State House door, watching and waiting for the time when the declaration of their rights should be signed.

The old bell-ringer, Andrew McNair, waiting up on the belfry with his hand on the rope, stood ready to ring the bell, while down

and shouting, it heard the glad tidings.

The Declaration of Independence was then read aloud to the throng waiting outside. This was read by John Nixon in the yard in front of the State House which, ever since, has been named Independence Hall. Copies of the Declaration of Independence were sent all over the country to the waiting people,



below, his little grandson stood outside in the hall, waiting impatiently for the men to give him a signal for the ringing of the bell.

At last the door was opened; the message was given, and the excited little lad raced up the winding stairway, shouting out:

"RING, RING, GRANDPA! RING, RING OUT FOR LIBERTY!"

And the famous bell pealed out the message of liberty to all the eager people that Fourth of July, 1776.

Cheer after cheer rose from the dense crowd below as, with laughter and tears

and everywhere the message was received with great joy. In New York, the people hauled down the statue of George III, making it into bullets which later they used in the cause of liberty.

Sometimes you children ask if George Washington signed the Declaration of Independence. No, he did not do so. He was away fighting for the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

General Washington read the Declaration to his army and then he said solemnly to his soldiers: "The General hopes and trusts

(Continued on page 479)



FAIRY CANDY

By ABIGAIL BURTON



NOT far from the Pool of Stars was the prettiest corner of the whole Long-Ago-Garden. You left the Cry-Baby Tree on your right and turned down, taking care not to pass too near the Hammer Weed, if you didn't want a smart thump on the head, and you came to a place shaded by ferns and carpeted with soft moss. It was so quiet and hidden and had such an all-by-itself look that the moment the fairies saw it, they chose it for their very own.

In the morning they would come riding up on their damsel-fly steeds and stop for a game of tenpins or croquet. And in the afternoon they would sit about the mushroom tables and drink tea (or was it honey?) out of lily cups. That's a sad trouble, I find, of being big—that we can't drink from fairy cups!

Of course nobody *saw* the fairies playing games and drinking tea—or was it honey?

The grasshoppers on guard took good care of that. But you could tell! The balls and tenpins on the moss and the empty cups on the tables meant *something*, I suppose. And one of the fairy ladies was almost sure to drop her cobweb handkerchief. Oh,

always knows when fairies have been about.

Haven't you found acorn balls under a tree?

The gayest times were when the moon shone full. Then the crickets and the katydids tuned their fiddles, and the wind swept the dancing floor clean, in readiness for the fairies. And how they did dance! The fireflies grew so giddy watching that they



tumbled off the branches and hung in circles and festoons. However, that way they made all the better decorations. And the owls stared so *very* hard that their eyes grew big and round like lanterns. Still I don't blame them a bit. If I had been there, I'd have

stared my eyes round, too! I am sure that I would!

But what I really wanted to tell you about was the bazaar. All the garden people were interested. They talked about it every single day. They wanted the prettiest place they could find. So when the fairies offered to lend their corner, it was accepted at once.

And how everybody worked!

The spiders spread out their finest laces. The chipmunks and the squirrels brought a choice store of nuts. The bees and the butterflies sold honey at every clover top. The field mice offered the use of their long tails for skipping ropes. The larks and the bobolinks took venturesome souls sightseeing on their backs.

And the rabbits, who were very wise since they had been away at cooking school, tied on white aprons and fell to making candy hearts.

You never saw anything so pretty as those tiny red hearts. And you never tasted anything so delicious. Every time the rabbits brought out a fresh pan full and hung them on a bush to draw customers, the fairies left the other attractions and came flocking. You would have thought they were mortals, they ate so much. But of course they were *fairies*. And everybody bought thistledown quilts and rose-petal gowns and leaf jackets. And everybody bought candy hearts and ate candy hearts, till you'd have thought that the

rabbits would have run out of sugar. To say nothing of their hopping up and down and all over, of their running out of breath!

However, the rabbits didn't mind in the least. They were never so happy anyway as when they were hopping. So they sent out for more sugar and for more dew to mix it and more blushes to color it and another bit

of sunshine for flavoring. Very likely, too, they sent out for more breath!

And all the garden people bought candy hearts and ate candy hearts. Really the turtles swelled and swelled, till they couldn't walk. So they had to *roll* home, like cart wheels.

And all the garden people bought candy hearts and ate candy hearts,

dozens and dozens of them, and what they couldn't eat they carried home. Still they couldn't carry as many as those rabbits could make: Though it kept them hopping!

Then, because it couldn't last *always*, the bazaar was over. The spiders rolled up what was left of their laces, the chipmunks and the squirrels hid the last of their nuts, the bees and the butterflies drank the dregs of honey from the clovers, the field mice curled their tails and crept home, the larks and the bobolinks tucked their heads under their tired wings, the rabbits untied their white aprons and made off hoppety, hop, hop to their burrows, and everybody, even the fairies—the very, very tired little fairies—fell asleep.

(Continued on page 479)



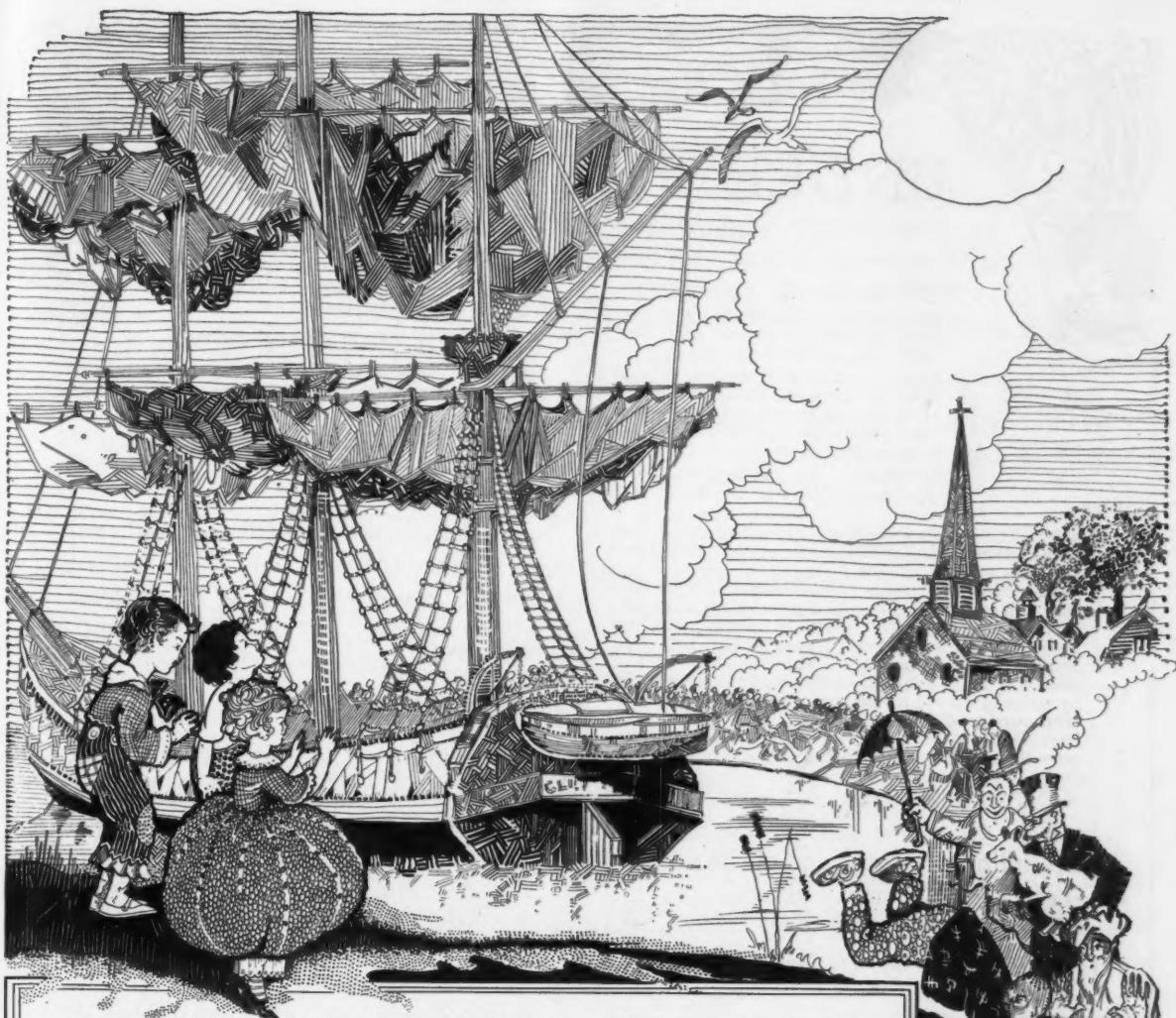


DID YOU KNOW?

LOUISE MARSHALL HAYNES

WE HAVE a nurse who knows the way
that fairies can be found;
And she says dryads live in trees
in all the woods around.
She gave us fern-seed, for you know,
you drop some in each shoe
And you are then in-vis-ible
and fairies can't see you.
We fixed our shoes, and then we crept
out through the garden gate,
And down the wood path just beyond—
and we could hardly wait
To see who'd find a dryad first—
We found a hollow tree—
I tapped it, and then sister tapped,
as softly as could be! ,
We heard a little rustling sound,
away down deep inside,
And knew that we had found the place
where dryads loved to hide.
We held each other by the hand,
and watched the open space,
And when the dryad peeped outside,
she had a squirrel's face.

Gertrude E. Long



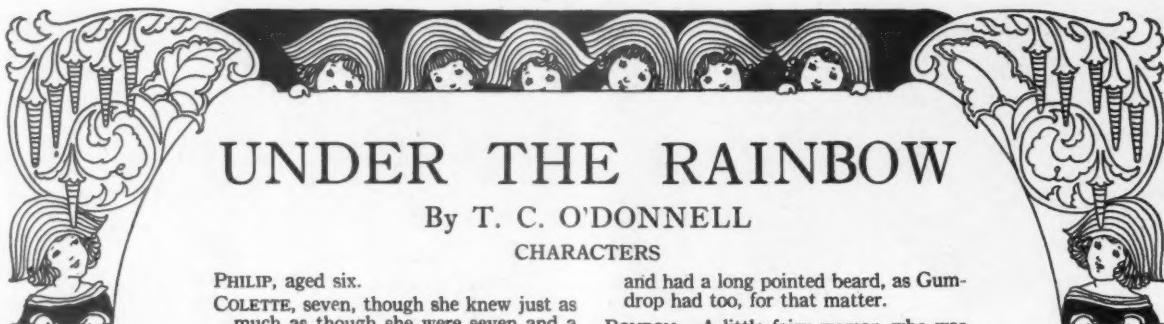
WHEN THE CLIPPER COMES IN

LEROY F. JACKSON

OH, GRANDMOTHER, grandmother, you should have been

Down on the shore when the *Clipper* came in.
We all got excited and started to shout
As soon as the people began to pour out.
Guineamen, Chinamen, pigtail and pike,
Never before has there come in the like.
For some were from Fiji and some were from Foo
And some from the islands of Mitzimaroo,
Raggies and shaggies and grinning galoots,
Wild men without either coat, hat or boots,
Fellows with faces the color of cheese,
Pickle-faced pirates from Solomon Seas,
A gypsy magician in yellow and red,
A long-bearded Hindu with rags on his head,
Siamese sailors who jabbered like mad,
A one-legged robber who'd quit being bad,
And a crazy old man from the Kimberley farm
Who carried a kangaroo under his arm.
Oh, grandmother, grandmother, you should have been
Down on the shore when the *Clipper* came in.





UNDER THE RAINBOW

By T. C. O'DONNELL

CHARACTERS

PHILIP, aged six.

COLETTE, seven, though she knew just as much as though she were seven and a half, even, or three-quarters.

GUMDROP, a fairy that was not as good a fairy as some you've read about. A little man in brown, with a green cap that looked like a green gumdrop, and long pointed shoes.

PEPPERMINT. Ah, Peppermint was the good fairy! He was dressed in black,

and had a long pointed beard, as Gumdop had too, for that matter.

BONBON. A little fairy woman who was even kinder than Peppermint. He didn't care, though, because he tried to be as good as he could be, and sometimes tried to try harder.

THE RAINBEAU CHORUS.

CANDY MINERS CHORUS.

CHORUS OF THE ICE CREAM CONES.

SCENE: The scene is a wood, with trees indicated on back drop and screens. Grass is on the ground, and between the drop and the screens a rainbow is seen, the ends resting upon what seem to be mounds of ground, or rock. These mounds conceal entrances from the sides of the stage—the effect being of openings into the ground at the rainbow ends, through which part of the entrances and exits occur. Main entrances are as usual, right and left. The rainbow can be represented by stripes of colored material, held in place by wire supports suspended from the ceiling, or else attached to the back drop. When the curtain rises Colette is coming onto the stage, and beckoning and calling to Philip.

COLETTE (*entering, left, and carrying baskets, which she sets on the ground*): Oh, Philip, here is the end of the rainbow—here are both ends. Hurry.

PHILIP (*carrying a huge shovel, and entering*): It is the rainbow, isn't it? [Setting down his tools.] You said there wasn't any end to the rainbow to come to, and—and there it is.

COLETTE: Yes, but there isn't any pot of gold. I told you.

PHILIP (*taking up the shovel and digging at the end of*

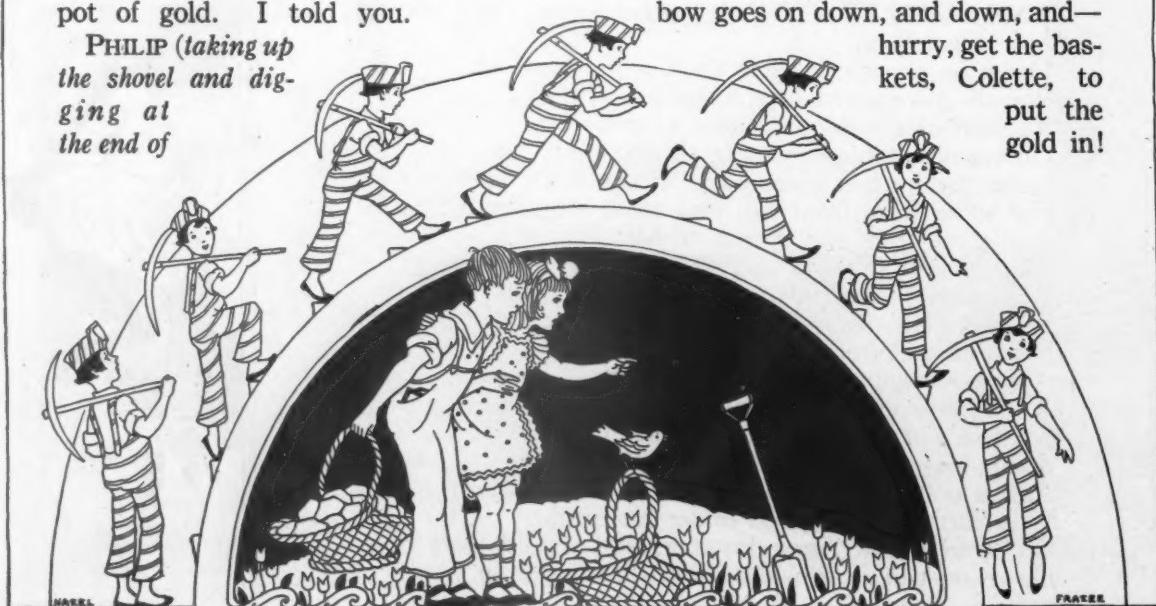
the rainbow, right): But it isn't right on top of the ground, like a—a pot of flowers. You have to dig for it—because anybody could pick it up off the ground, but it takes somebody who knows how to find it in the ground.

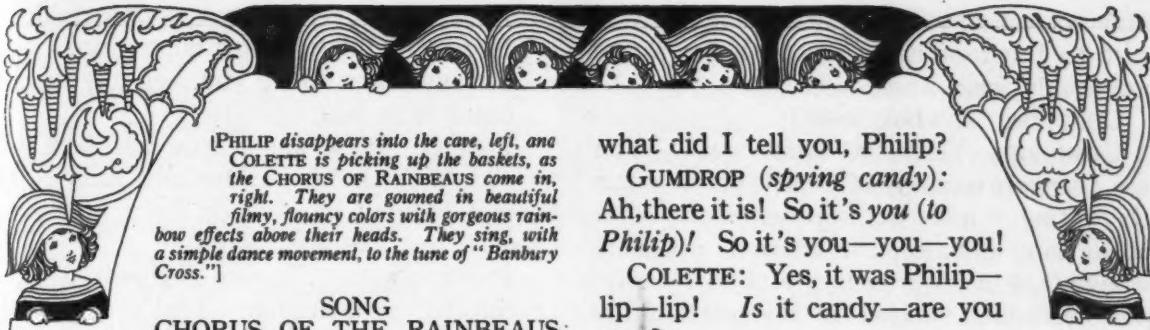
COLETTE: Well, I don't believe it's gold, anyhow. The rainbow is violet; and blue; and red; and—gold isn't that color at all. I think it's happiness we'll find. Who wants any gold, anyway?

PHILIP: But think of the ice cream cones, you c'n buy with gold, and—

COLETTE: Oh, you can buy *them* with nickels, and besides—

PHILIP (*excitedly*): Oh, here it is—I've uncovered it—the door to a cave. [Peering down.] No, it isn't—why, the rainbow goes on down, and down, and—hurry, get the baskets, Colette, to put the gold in!





SONG CHORUS OF THE RAINBEAUS

We're the rainbeau kiddies, are we, you see,
We pick ice cream cones from the raspberry tree,—
Why bonbons on Sundays and Mondays all day
We eat—they're a treat—now what would you say?

[Repeat third line if there is an instrumental accompaniment, with dance movement continued and chorus repeating the last line. Chorus leave stage, left, as PHILIP reenters, up cave entrance, right.]

PHILIP: Look, Colette, look! Gold, see (holding a piece of the candy up for her to see)!

COLETTE (coming close): Oh, that isn't gold.

PHILIP: It is so, it's white gold with red stripes on it. What'd I tell you.

COLETTE (putting a piece to her lips and biting it): Well, it doesn't taste like gold. It tastes like the candy cane Santa Claus brought us that time.

PHILIP (also tasting it, and not so sure it is gold): It doesn't taste so awfully much like gold, does it, or silver even, or—I wonder if—

GUMDROP (coming up through cave entrance, right, and oh! so angry): Who's been into my candy? Who's been into my candy?

COLETTE:
There,

what did I tell you, Philip?

GUMDROP (spying candy): Ah, there it is! So it's you (to Philip)! So it's you—you—you!

COLETTE: Yes, it was Philip—lip—lip! Is it candy—are you sure?

GUMDROP: Yes—he got it from my candy mine—when my candy miners weren't looking. And we had all this candy ore—

PHILIP: Ore?

GUMDROP: Yes, ore. We had all this candy ore ready to melt up and make into canes, when—when somebody—when this boy took it all away. Do you know what we do with boys who do that?

COLETTE: No—

PHILIP: What?

GUMDROP: Nobody was ever down there before, only just one boy. And he tried to take our candy ore away, and we punished him something terrible—oh, it was horrible. It hurts me just even to think of it.

PHILIP (scared): What—what did you do to him?

GUMDROP: Oh, it makes me just shiver to think of it. I don't believe I can even tell you about it, it is so awful to think about.

COLETTE:
Please tell us.

GUMDROP:
Why, we made



him not eat any candy for—oh, it's creepy just to think of it—we made him not eat any candy for a whole week.

COLETTE: A whole week?

GUMDROP: Yessir, a whole week. You see, there are so many of us little people down there, that if folks from up here came down to our land and ate our rainbow all up, there wouldn't be any left for us pretty soon. And this (*indicating rainbow in sky*) part of the rainbow isn't candy, so we couldn't eat this. We must depend entirely on our mine.

COLETTE: Of course not so very well! Of course it's nice to smell. It does smell like candy, doesn't it?

GUMDROP: Of course. And now my candy miners must come and take all this back.

[GUMDROP whistles, and there file in, left, the CHORUS OF THE CANDY MINERS who look very pretty in their white suits, with red stripes running around them. They dance with very simple movement and sing to the tune of "My Father and Mother Were Irish."]

SONG, CANDY MINERS

You may have heard of the old "forty-niners," Well they were what people call miners— But they dug for gold, so we've been told,— But we dig gumdrops for the minors.

And so we are miners, too,
Yes, we are miners, too.
We dig o'er the ore
And keep digging some more,
So you see we have plenty to do.

[The candy miners leave stage, right, each picking up a piece of the candy ore as he goes out.]

GUMDROP (*solemnly*): And now mind you, no candy for a week!

PHILIP: I'll try!

[GUMDROP goes down the rainbow, right, the children waving him good-by, just as PEPPERMINT comes up, right.]

PEPPERMINT: How do you do, my children?
BOTH CHILDREN: How do you do?

PEPPERMINT: Have you seen anything of a funny little man up here?

PHILIP: There was a little man here, but I didn't think he was awfully funny. He said I couldn't have candy for a week. He looked just like a gumdrop.

PEPPERMINT: It was a gumdrop—or I mean he is Gumdrop. That's his name. You might have known that. Did he say—

COLETTE: He—why he owns all the rainbow down there—and they're eating it up. We saw all his little miners that dig the candy and make it into candy canes.

PEPPERMINT: Only he doesn't own the rainbow at all—it's mine, and I don't care how much you kiddies would eat. They're just some naughty fairies that come and

run off with my candy every time I go to haul a load of canes to Santa Claus. If I ever catch him—I never can, though, because he's always dodging behind the ice cream cone trees and things.

COLETTE: Ice cream cone trees?

PEPPERMINT: Always! Why—

PHILIP: Oh, I know, let me go down and get some more candy; then he'll follow me up, and you can catch him.

PEPPERMINT: That is a good idea—hurry!

[PHILIP goes down *cave*, left.]

PEPPERMINT (*to Colette*): That was a wonderful idea that your little brother—

COLETTE: Philip—



PEPPERMINT: That Philip thought of. I'll hide behind this tree.

PHILIP (*returning, up cave right, and carrying a branch from the Ice Cream Cone Tree, loaded down with cones*): O, see what I got, Colette—cones—enough for a pie. Gumdrop will be mad when he finds these gone, all right. [Spying PEPPERMINT, who has gone to sleep over behind his tree.] Mister, wake up, quick, he'll be here right away. [To COLETTE, in despair.] He won't wake up, and Gundrop will come and won't let me have any ice cream cones for two weeks or something. Come, wake up, Mister.

[Enter BONBON, through cave at left.]

BONBON: Ah ha, I've found you now. After all these years with you dodging behind trees and things so we couldn't find you—now I've found you, Mr. Gundrop, —and (*she's too sarcastic for words*) I suppose this is dear Mrs. Gundrop (*nodding to COLETTE*).

COLETTE: No, we're Philip and Colette.

BONBON: Now I know you are Gundrop. Nobody but Gundrop could think of such perfectly funny names. Philip and Colette—ha ha! Such perfectly funny sounds. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Gundrop, now I have found you, I will call my husband. Just you wait! My husband will attend to you.

PHILIP: Your husband? Who is your husband?

BONBON: Why—why my husband. I'll—(*calling down entrance, left*): Peppermint! Pepper—He's probably asleep. Everytime I want him he's asleep somewhere. Anyhow,

I won't let you two get away from me. Even if I have to take you down myself and put you in our jail. [She seizes them.]

COLETTE: Jail?

BONBON: Yes, jail. It's terribly terrible there. It's so strong you never could get out. It's made of bricks—ice cream bricks!

PHILIP: Here's a man over here asleep. He isn't your husband, is he? He must be somebody's.

BONBON (*leading the children over to where PEPPERMINT sleeps*):

PEPPERMINT sleeps): Why—why, it is Peppermint. Peppermint! [She shakes him.] Peppermint!

PEPPERMINT (*waking up and rubbing his eyes*): Huh?

BONBON: Look, I've got that terrible Gundrop and Mrs. Gundrop.

PEPPERMINT (*laughing*): Ha ha! That—why, that's just Philip and Colette. They live up here. I know them.

BONBON (*letting the children free*): Wh—where's Gundrop, then?

PEPPERMINT: There isn't any Gundrop.

ALL THE OTHER THREE: There isn't any Gundrop?

PEPPERMINT: No, there isn't any Gundrop. You see, I wanted boys and girls not to just find gold at the foot of the rainbow. I wanted them to go all the way round the rainbow to see if they were truthful and brave.

COLETTE: Truthful?

PHILIP: Brave?

PEPPERMINT: Yes. So I dressed up like a terrible fairy, and Philip told the truth and was not afraid. And Colette did, too. And



HORNBILL JUNIOR

By EDYTH EUSTACE

I AM a young Hornbill, and I get that name on account of my big beak. It is very big, and it also looks very tough and hard. But this is not so; it is thin and delicate.

I know our family is not very pretty, but we do a great many surprising things. Just to let you know what I shall do when I grow up, I will tell you what Father and Mother are doing now. Then you will say, I am sure, "What wonderful birds!"

I am a last season's bird, and my parents are just about to build a new nest. I am staying with them for company, because I have a lame wing. We are all looking for a nice homelike tree, with a large hole

in it. The hole must be large because Mother is rather large herself, and it is going to be her home for all the time that she sits upon my Egg Brothers and Sisters.

My mother is a very homelike person; she never wants to go out for a walk or a gossip, when she is starting a new home. In fact, she is more domestic than most animals.

When my father said to her today,

"My dear, I think it is time to build you a new house," she said, "Certainly, Thomas, will you get the mud for the door or shall I?"

What is that you say? Birds don't have doors to their homes? Well, Mother does. She won't have a home at all unless Father builds her a nice firm strong door with a little window in it. Mother is very exclusive. She does not care to mix with society when she is taking care of her nursery. So this is what happens.

First, Mother examines the tree hole and clears out anything which might be in her way. Then she makes her nest and comes out to see how Father is getting on with her house-door.

"The best door you have ever made, my dear," she says. "This part seems a little thin. I have finished inside. Get another piece of nice soft mud, and I will help you."

Father goes away, and brings back a lot more mud in his beak, and they both plaster up the hole in the tree and pat the mud until it is firm and strong. They just leave an entrance large enough for Mother to walk



through. Then Mother says, quite satisfied, "Thomas, I think I will go inside now. Mind you close the entrance very tightly, and be sure you don't open the door until the children are ready to walk."

Father answers her, "Elizabeth, my dear, I shall miss you in our daily excursions, but you are perfectly right, perfectly right to keep the door shut, and I shall have great pleasure in bringing you a market basket of food regularly, while you are keeping house."

"Thomas," says Mother, "I know you will never forget that." Then she walks in and spends some time arranging her house to her liking, while Father trims off the door and leaves a narrow window, out of which Mother looks.

"Au revoir, Thomas!" she says. "Take care of dear little Fly-not," meaning me.

While we are fruit hunting, Father tells me the door is to keep Mother safe from monkeys and big lizards. He also tells me that my Egg Brothers and Sisters are white,

and that when they hatch they do not look much like birds. They have no downy coat and are really quite bare. They get their grown-up feathers straight away, though, and look like little spiny hedgehogs for a short time.

Then Father saw a snake and caught it. He eats them sometimes. When he had collected enough berries and wild grapes to fill his market basket, which is the lining of his own gizzard, we went back to Mother.

Said Father, "Elizabeth, my dear, here is your bag of fruit."

Mother put her head out of the window.

"Thank you, Thomas. Bring me another one as soon as possible."

So off went Father to grow and fill another market basket. Mother tells me that though he becomes quite thin before it is

time to open the mud door, still he never forgets her bag of food. Father may not be very beautiful, but he is very, very good to Mother, and by and by, when my brothers can walk, he will break down the house-door, and help them all out.

SAND SWALLOWS

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

INTO the holes in the sand cliff
You fly, little swallows, all day.
What do you find there, I wonder,
Some little eggs hidden away?

Into the holes in the sand cliff
As I play on the sandy beach,
I watch you coming and going—
Too high for me ever to reach.



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

BEAR VISITS BATHING BEACH

Woggie had a great deal of fun last Wednesday. Woggie is a little white Teddy Bear, whose young daddy takes him wherever he goes; so when the little boy went over to the bathing beach for a swim, he took Woggie along. Of course, Woggie couldn't go in



the water, because the dampness would ruin his sawdust stuffing and might give him rheumatism; so the little bear played in the warm sand while his little daddy went into the water.

Woggie's little daddy was soon tired of the cool lake, and came out on the beach to rejoin his Teddy Bear, but not a hair of the little rascal was visible.

"Woggie," called the little boy, "where are you?"

"Here!" answered a tiny gruff voice. But no bear could be seen.

"Where?" howled the little boy, for he could see no trace of the Teddy. But just at that moment a cloud of sand shot up from a hole near him, and the little boy rushed over and looked into the deep ditch. Well, what do you think he saw? There was little Woggie at the bottom of the sand hole, digging as fast as he could.

"Come on!" shouted the little boy into the hole. "I'm going to buy a red hot, and I'll give you the pickle if you'll come with me."

Woggie looked up, grinning beneath his sandy nose.

"I'll do anything for a pickle," he grunted, and climbed out of the hole, brushing the sand from his ears.

"Why were you digging such a deep hole?" asked Woggie's daddy.

"Looking for gold," snapped Woggie, "but all I found was a dead fish. Thanks for the pickle!"

TEDDY BEAR RUNS FERRY

There were many pairs of wet feet among the toys last week, due to the heavy rain which made rivers in the streets of Toytown. Of course, the celluloid dollies didn't mind crossing the flooded avenues; they simply floated across.

The fashionably dressed dolls who didn't care to get wet, how-

DOLL GIVEN FINE PIANO

Little Ella McPink, a Toytown dolly, is a happy little bunch of china this week, for she was given a fine present by her little mamma. The gift consisted of a highly polished piano, decorated with charming blue angels above the keyboard.

Ella was delighted beyond words with her precious gift, and insisted upon being given her first lesson at once. The dolly's mamma grasped her hard little hand and placed it on a note.

"We call this note 'do,'" said the little girl. Ella struck "do" violently about thirty times.

"The next note to the right is called 're.' Let me hear you strike it," said the little girl. Ella decided to strike it with her foot, and fell off the piano stool, but soon regained her position and located the note.

"Now strike 'mi,'" said the little girl, whereupon the dolly turned around and punched her little mamma on the ankle.

"Gracious," laughed the patient little girl, "I didn't mean myself. Don't you know there is a note on your piano called 'mi'? Now, try again. Strike 'mi.'" But the dolly was so confused by this time that she turned around and sat on the keyboard, playing all the notes at once, after which she ran off gayly to join another dolly in a kiddie kar race.



ever, had quite a problem to solve in crossing the streets, until an enterprising Teddy Bear had a bright idea. He borrowed a big tin dishpan from his grandma, and with the assistance of the woolen monkey, pulled it out to the gutter and launched it in the rainwater with a grand splash. He then secured a fly swatter to use as an oar, and was ready for business.

The monkey stood on the sidewalk and collected the fares, while the Teddy rowed the dollies across in the dishpan. The fare was one button. One dolly enjoyed riding in the dishpan so much that she crossed the street fifteen times, and screamed delightedly every time the Teddy rocked the boat.

One poor dolly was greatly embarrassed after crossing in the pan to find that she had no buttons with which to pay her fare, and cried so pitifully that a gallant young Teddy, who was passing, soothed her feelings by politely pulling off one of his eye buttons and paying her bill with it.



GIGGLE-GIGGLE

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—*The Play Man*

IT HAD been talked about for days and at exactly seven-thirty the doorbell rang and the first of the guests arrived. It was the night of Mary Emily's party.

It is fun to go to a party and lots more fun to have one. Mary Emily was a happy youngster when her mother fixed the date and told her to invite her friends. Of course, Bert and Elizabeth Lane and Jack Randolph and his sister Carol were the first names that popped into her head. In fact, they were told the good news even before the invitations were written and sent out. It was Jack who suggested that it would be great if Toppo could come to the party and no suggestion was ever greeted with more approval. For wasn't Toppo really just like the rest of them? And didn't the ex-clown enter into their games with just as much enthusiasm as any one of them? And wouldn't there be some new and surprising game that he would teach them? The answer to all of this was "Yes," so Toppo got his invitation and for fear it might have gone astray Jack and Bert went up to their friend's house to make sure that he would be with them.

At eight o'clock all had arrived except Toppo, and though the boys and girls had passed the first few moments of embarrassment, which always seem to make even grown-

ups a little stiff and awkward when they come together for an evening of fun, they were not having so good a time that they were unaware of the absence of the happy clown.

"I thought you said Toppo was coming to your party," said Tommy Peters who lived farthest away but had been the first to arrive.

"Well he is," said Mary Emily with great assurance, but she looked a little worried as she glanced toward the clock and found that it was now three minutes past eight. Older hostesses than Mary Emily have experienced the same sensation when carefully made plans to entertain a celebrity have gone awry. "He did say he'd come—I sent him an invitation and then Jack and Burt went up to see if he got it all right—you don't think he could really forget, do you, Tommy? Anyway, I'll ask Jack to make sure."

But Jack wasn't in sight, and just as Mary Emily started toward the next room to find him in the midst of a group of chattering boys and girls, things began to happen very rapidly. The bell rang to interrupt her search for Jack, and turning, she sped toward the door shouting gleefully, "Here comes Toppo now!" All of the others crowded around her as she opened the door so that they could join in a shout of greeting to their friend.

"Why, there isn't anyone here," said the puzzled little girl, as she looked out on the porch and saw that it was empty. Before she had time to say more, however, there was a patter of little feet and Toppo's dog, Scamper, trotted up to the door, sat up cleverly and in his mouth they saw a very large envelope. Mary Emily took the envelope, Scamper looked at them just as if he was having an unusually good time, wagged his tail and pattered away into the night.

Mary Emily tore open the envelope, and the piece of paper had on it, in large scrawling letters, "Toppo regrets very deeply that he cannot be present at Mary Emily's party. However, he is sending his dear friend, Long Timothy Jibbersnook, to take his place."

"What's that—Long Timothy?" said Elizabeth. "J-i-b-b-e-r-s-n-o-o-k, Jibbersnook! What a funny name!"

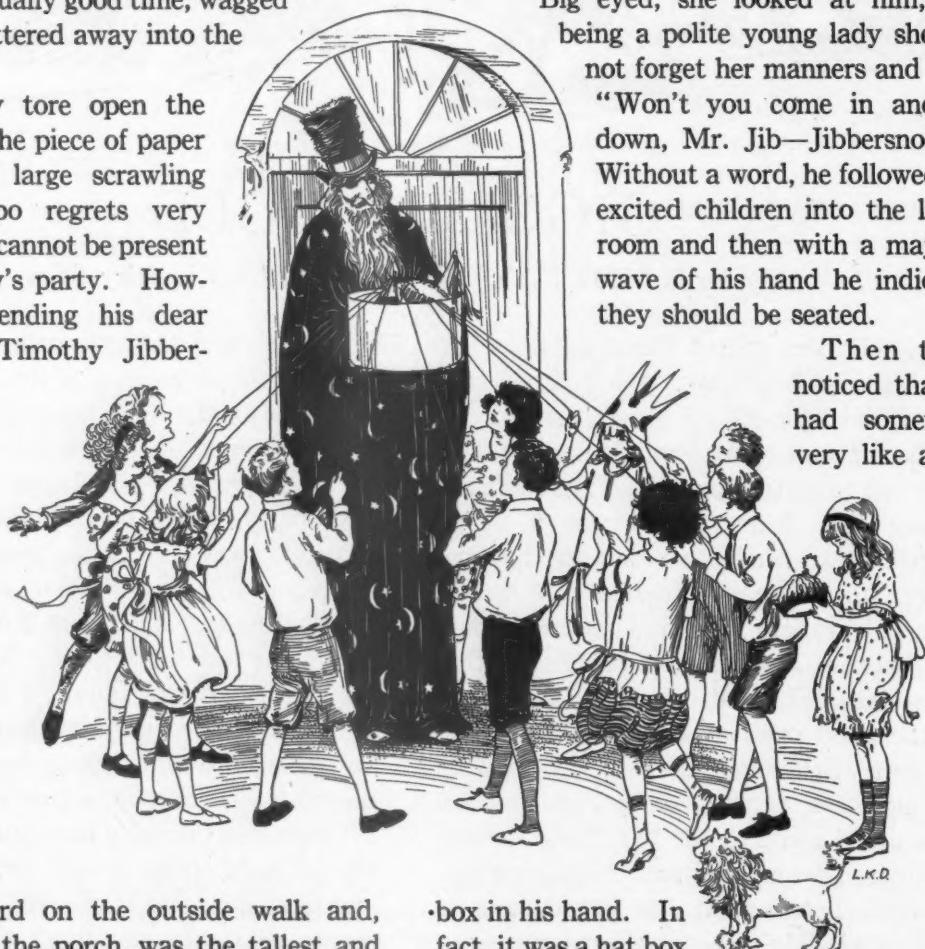
Before they could say more, a shuffling was heard on the outside walk and, coming up to the porch, was the tallest and strangest looking person they had ever seen. He was more than seven feet tall and was clad in a long black gown that stretched down to his feet; on this gown were silver stars and crescents. A tall black hat with a broad brim was perched on his head, and his hair was long and white, as were also his whiskers, which spread luxuriantly over his chest. His nose was the longest nose they had ever seen and his eyes were sheltered by great green spectacles. For so tall a man, his arms did seem quite short.

The children backed away as he gravely and solemnly approached the door. He had to bend to enter on account of his great height. Without a word, he produced from a voluminous fold in his gown a calling card about a foot long and on it in purple letters was inscribed *Long Timothy Jibbersnook, Star Gazer and Wish Bringer*. This he handed to the startled Mary Emily.

Big eyed, she looked at him, but being a polite young lady she did not forget her manners and said,

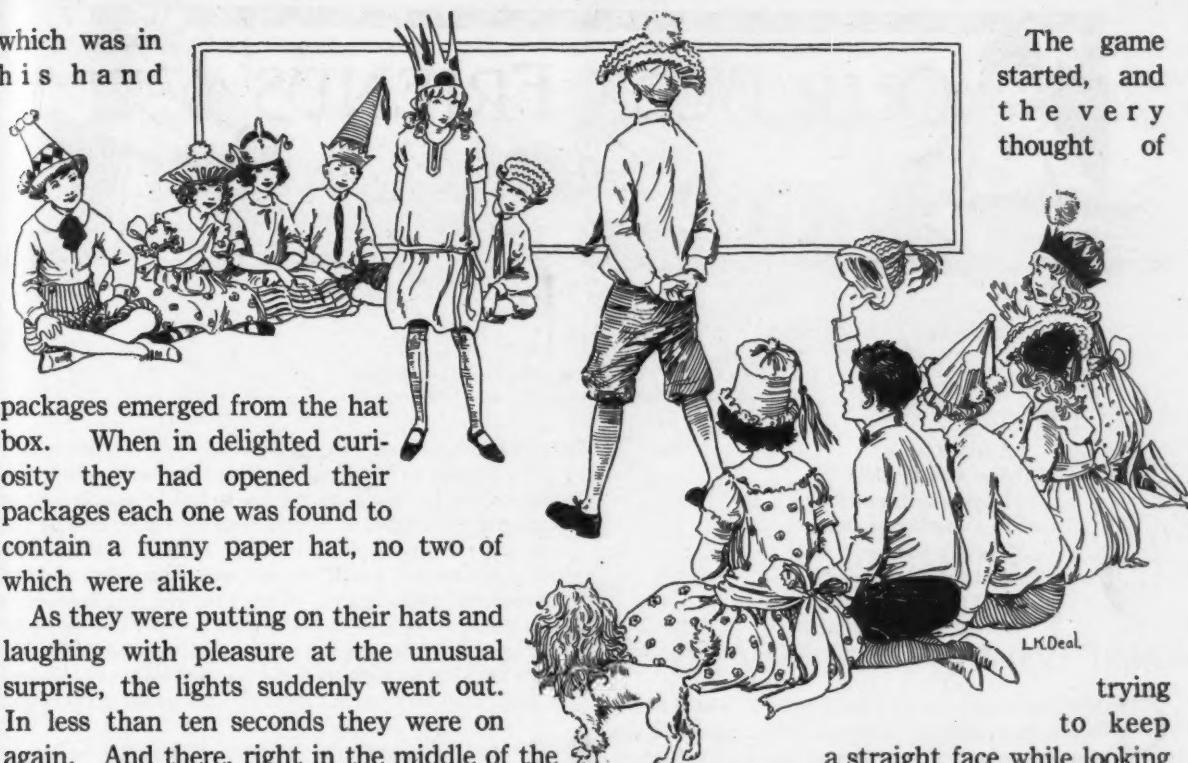
"Won't you come in and sit down, Mr. Jib—Jibbersnook?" Without a word, he followed the excited children into the living room and then with a majestic wave of his hand he indicated they should be seated.

Then they noticed that he had something very like a hat



box in his hand. In fact, it was a hat box covered with black paper and when he removed the paper and the cover from the hat box, it was observed that dangling from the box were numerous pieces of string and at the end of each piece of string was a golden star. Solemnly, Mr. Long Timothy Jibbersnook placed the hat box on the floor and then, with a gesture indicated that each child should take one of the stars. An instant later, in a voice which seemed very small and squeaky for so big an individual, he said, "Pull!" As each child yanked on the piece of cord

which was in his hand



packages emerged from the hat box. When in delighted curiosity they had opened their packages each one was found to contain a funny paper hat, no two of which were alike.

As they were putting on their hats and laughing with pleasure at the unusual surprise, the lights suddenly went out. In less than ten seconds they were on again. And there, right in the middle of the room, was their old friend Toppo. Toppo was there, but where was Jibbersnook? The strange creature had vanished utterly. Gown whiskers, nose, hat and all had vanished, and, to the besieging questions as to how it had happened, Toppo only said, "Let's play a game."

Although they were still overwhelmed with curiosity, they were equally eager to play any one of Toppo's games. Toppo started out by having Mary Emily and Elizabeth choose teams. Then he had each team sit down on opposite sides of the room.

"Now," said the surprising little clown, "the game that I am going to give you is a test of your self-control. It is called Giggle Giggle, and when I say, 'Get ready,' the first player on the right end of the line sitting over on that side of the room and the first player on the right end of the line sitting on this side of the room will stand up. When I say, 'Go!' they will put their hands behind them and start walking toward each other. To win this game you must not laugh or giggle and the player who keeps a straight face the longest will win. Each player who wins gets a point for his team and we will play for fifteen points."

The game started, and the very thought of

trying
to keep
a straight face while looking

into the eyes of some schoolmate who was really ready to burst with laughter was a much more difficult proposition than anyone could have believed. It not only convulsed the active players in each contest but it was equally ludicrous to those watching.

When the game ended, with Mary Emily's team the victor, Toppo was again deluged with questions.

"Well," he laughed, "I guess I'll have to tell you. Otherwise you'll just bother the life out of me. To make Long Timothy Jibbersnook, Jack had to help me. He was sitting on my shoulders and was Long Timothy's head and arms and I was the legs. The long gown reached to the floor and covered us both. When the lights went out, Jack went out and hid the costume, and that explains why you found just old Toppo and no one else here when the lights went on."

"Well, I think it's the nicest thing that ever happened at a party," said Carroll.

"I do too," echoed Elizabeth, "and it would be just perfect if we knew that you would be with us all summer and would not go back to the old circus."

"Well—well—well—in that case," said Toppo, "I guess I won't."



OUR BOOK FRIENDS

By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California*

A frisky lamb
And a frisky child,
Playing their pranks
In a cowslip meadow:
The sky all blue
And the air all mild,
And the fields all sun
And the lanes half shadow.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

GOING on a vacation is all great fun. It is hard to say which part is best. There is the excitement of the first day when we know for sure that we are going on a journey. The mailman brings a letter and an invitation for a visit, or Father comes home in the evening and tells us he has taken a cottage at the seashore or up in the woods or somewhere else which we know will be equally delightful.

The very next morning Mother starts collecting little piles of things which will be needed, and Father spends his time sorting fishing tackle and cleaning his rifle. Father laughs at Mother because she thinks we'll need so many warm clothes and keeps piling things up higher and higher. Mother smiles because Father goes off by himself, somewhere where he thinks we won't see him, throws out the line on his reel, draws it in again, then throws it out over and over. The family conference about Frisco and Dottie's going is exciting, too. Father thinks both the pets ought to be left behind; Mother says that would never do, and finally the discussion ends just as we hoped it would—the dog and the kitten are both to go.

The day for starting comes at last. Everybody has something to carry. Frisco has a chain and is tagged ready to go into the baggage car. Dottie has been put in a covered basket so that she can stay on the train with us. Mother's umbrella and sunshade are strapped together. There are extra wraps and a lunch-box. Father carries the heavy suitcases and helps us buy the railroad tickets. At the station a man with a megaphone calls out, "All aboard for Ashtabula, Andover and Mint Canyon!" and in a moment more we are on the train and ready to start.

In these books mentioned below you will find many stories about good times during vacation. One of them is about Betsy who went to a farm for the first time in her life. At first she thinks sitting behind a horse and holding the

reins is a very queer thing to be asked to do, but before long she is begging to be allowed to drive. In just the same way she forgets that she dislikes going to bed by candle light or eating in the kitchen or helping with the butter making and the other things there are to do. There is another story about a little girl, Lucia, who met with an accident and had to spend six weeks in bed. When I tell you that her mother and the doctor decided that she could have her bed out under the trees and that she not only stayed there daytimes but slept outdoors at night, perhaps you'll guess that Lucia had a good many surprises and some experiences she never forgot.

GOOD VACATION BOOKS

Beyond Rope and Fence	-----	David Grew
	BONI & LIVERIGHT	
Bobby of Cloverfield Farm	-----	H. F. Orton
	F. A. STOKES COMPANY	
Farm Book	-----	E. Boyd Smith
	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.	
From September to June with Nature	-----	M. L. Warren
	D. C. HEATH & COMPANY	
Heidi	-----	Johanni Spyri
	RAND, MCNALLY & COMPANY	
Little Friends in Feathers	-----	I. N. McFee
	BARSE & HOPKINS	
Little House in the Woods	-----	C. W. Hunl
	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.	
Little Lucia	-----	Mabel L. Robinson
	E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY	
My Wonderful Visit	-----	Elizabeth Hilt
	CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	
Orchard and Meadow	-----	Zoe Meyer
	LITTLE, BROWN & CO.	
Peter and Polly in Summer	-----	Rose Lucia
	AMERICAN BOOK CO.	
The Raggedy Man	-----	James Whitcomb Riley
	BOBBS-MERRILL CO.	
Sandman: His Farm Stories	-----	W. J. Hopkins
	PAGE COMPANY	
Shoes of the Wind	-----	Hilda Conkling
	F. A. STOKES COMPANY	
Under the Tree	-----	Elizabeth Madox Roberts
	B. W. HUEBSCH	
Understood Betsy	-----	D. C. Fisher
	HENRY HOLT & COMPANY	
Wee Ann	-----	E. C. Phillips
	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.	
Wilderness Honey	-----	F. L. Pollock
	CENTURY COMPANY	





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Fels-Naptha puts the brightness and healthfulness of sunshine into kiddies' dirt-begrimed clothes.

Creeping over floors or playing out of doors makes the dirt stick to the fabric, work into the weaving, get ground in, and stay there—rub and scrub as you will with ordinary soap.

But soap and soak the little clothes with Fels-Naptha—and there's a different story.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through every tiny thread, and thoroughly, gently makes the dirt let go. Only a little rubbing is needed. Then the sudsy water flushes the dirt away completely. A good rinse, and the clothes are safely washed—sweet, and hygienically clean. And this method is so quick and easy and safe!

Fels-Naptha takes its Cleanliness also to everything in the bathroom, the kitchen, and every part of the house where there is dirt to be washed away, and things to be made sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives you the benefit of both these two great cleaners at one time, and in one economical golden bar.

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MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY THE MUSIC OF FRANCE

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

Author of What We Hear in Music, Music in the Home, etc.

IT'S lucky we brought the traveling phonograph," said Doris, "for now we can have our Musical Geography game up here in Canada, just as well as at home."

The family had come to a quaint little town near Quebec for the summer holidays, and the children had spent many happy hours playing with the little French children of the town. Dick found it difficult to converse with his small companions, for he had never paid much attention to his French lessons at school, and insisted that they talk English to him. However, Mabel and Doris were very happy, learning new French words and expressions every day.

All the children were overjoyed when Father arrived to spend his holidays with them, and they soon discovered that he had a big package of new records in his suitcase.

"There's a big, fat letter here from Aunt Margaret," said Mother. "I haven't opened it, but the postmark is from Dinard, France; and I suppose our travels take us there this month."

"Oh, goody!" cried Mabel. "I have heard some of the children here sing such interesting French songs that I am just dying to know more about them."

"Well, don't die right away," said Father teasingly, "for I'm just perfectly certain that

this letter is about French music. If you are all ready, we will start on our trip."

"Dinard, France.

"Dear Traveling Relatives:

"Here I am in this quaint, seaside resort, and as I have plenty of time, I am going to tell you of our trip here from Spain, because we have had many interesting musical experiences since last I wrote you.

"I am glad you are in French Canada, for there are many of the songs that I have heard here which you may hear there, only people say that the Canadians sing older versions of these songs than those which are now heard in France. How I wish I could transplant myself to Canada and enjoy them with you.

"When I last wrote we were in the Pyrenees, and before I go further I must tell you that we went to the wonderful shrine at Montsalvat, which is supposed to have been the Castle of the Holy Grail. When you grow older and go to the opera and hear Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' and 'Parsifal,' you will know what it meant to me to see this wonderful shrine. I could almost hear the Prelude to 'Lohengrin' and the 'March of the Grail Knights' as I stood there. It was a beautiful experience.

"We motored from the mountains out toward the sea and up along the coast of the

Mediterranean to Arles, which is a fascinating old city. The southern provinces of France are known as Provence. It was in this land of song that the Troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries lived; and one can easily believe that their influence is still alive today, for everywhere there is still song and dance. I'm going to suggest that your first music shall be the old 'March of the Three Kings,' which you already know as the noel played when the children of Provence go in search of the Christ Child."

"I have it here," said Father. "It is a part of the Overture to 'L'Arlesienne,' the music which Bizet, the composer of 'Carmen,' wrote for the play of 'The Woman of Arles' by Dumas. After you have heard it, I'm going to let you also hear the 'Minuet' and the 'Farandole' from this same suite by Bizet."

"Why, how Spanish that music sounds!" said Mabel. "Does Aunt Margaret say anything about it?"

"Yes," replied Father. "I'll read on."

"I was much interested in seeing some of the old dances here in Arles. The people still use the old, old tunes, and some of them show how near they are to Spain, for the 'Farandole' is popular in both countries, as are also the 'Bourree' and 'Gavotte.' The 'Minuets' and 'Gavottes' that are danced here are much more free in expression than the dainty court dances which the Parisians used to favor.

"The 'Serenades' here also have a distinct

Spanish color, and the ones sung for morning are more popular than those sung for evening."

"I brought one for you," said Father. "It is a violin record, called 'Aubade Provencale,' by Couperin, an early French composer."

"One of the most beautiful old love songs of Provence is 'O Magali.' Massenet used this in his opera, 'Sapho,' and I remember your father used to be able to sing it."

"Well, I'll try," said Father. After he had finished the lovely old song, he took up the letter again.

"But I am sure you children will want to hear about our trip to Avignon. I can assure you I was almost as much interested in finding the old bridge, as in seeing the Papal Palace. A motion picture film was being made of children dancing on the old bridge, so we heard them sing some of those lovely old play rounds that you can hear the children of Canada singing today. We heard 'Sur le Pont d'Avignon' (On the Bridge of Avignon), 'Savez

vous Planter les cheux' (Planting the Garden), 'Il Pleut, Il Pleut, Bergere' (It Rains, Shepherdess), 'Trempe Ton Pain' (Dip Your Bread) and 'Au Clair de la Lune' (By the Light of the Moon).

"Oh, we sing some of those in school," cried Doris, "and Marie and Marguerite, my little playmates here, are teaching me the French words."

"Now, I have a surprise," cried Mother, "for here are Marie, Marguerite and their little brother, Jacques, come to sing for you."



It was hard to calm down after this unexpected little "sing" was over, but Father said "the best part of the letter is coming now."

"I am sure Dick will be excited when he knows how we spent the Fourth of July. We drove through the battle grounds of France, and saw all the places where our Americans fought so bravely those July days of 1918. I wonder if you realize that the battle ground of France from Arras to Coucy was the district from which came the most famous of the eighteenth century musicians of France. Adam de la Halle, 'the Humpback of Arras,' wrote the first operetta, 'Robin et Marion,' in the thirteenth century. One of the airs of this opera was so popular that it even became a part of the church service. The castle at Coucy, where the Chatelain de Coucy lived in the twelfth century, has been destroyed. De Coucy went with Richard Coeur de Lion to the Crusades. Thibot of Navarre was a thirteenth century Troubadour, who led a famous Crusade himself. Some of their songs Father can play for you on records."

After these quaint old airs had been heard, Father continued reading:

"In the evening we were given a rare treat, for the garrison at Verdun put on a concert for the American visitors. We all sang together first the 'March Lorraine,' which our boys sang with the French as they marched with Foch into Metz. You remember it was an old folk song of Lorraine, which the Germans had not allowed them to sing for many years. Then a quartet of French soldiers

sang 'Pere de la Victoire' (Father of Victory), 'Sambre et Meuse' and 'Madelon.' Then we all sang together in English the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' the 'Song of the U. S. Marines' and 'The Star Spangled Banner,' ending with a French-English version of 'La Marseillaise.'

"The French Fourth of July is the 14th of July, the day celebrating the fall of the Bastille. For that celebration we were in Paris, and went down to the Place de la Bastille, and saw the people dance and sing the 'Carmagnole,' and heard the songs of Revolutionary Days, ending, of course, with the 'Marseillaise.'

"Here in Brittany, the folk songs are very quiet and beautiful. The people have songs that tell of their occupations. Many are in the form of the round, which is so popular all over France. I hope you will get your little Canadian

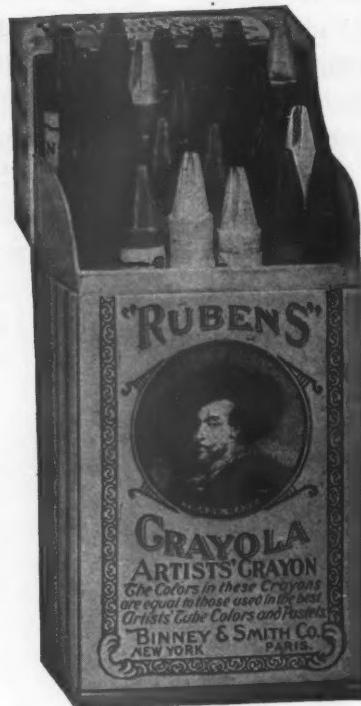
friends to teach you one Breton song which I like very much. It is called 'Ann Hini Gouz' (A Ripe Old Dame I Woo). I am sending Mabel the music, which is very simple.

"To close your trip to France I want you to all sing 'Malbrouck' (To War Has Gone Duke Marlborough). This old folk song was sung during the first Crusade in 1096. The words you sing originated in 1709.

"We know that," cried Dick, "only I sing, 'For He Is a Jolly, Good Fellow' to that tune."

"Well, tonight we will sing the French words with our little French friends," said Father.





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WHO'S WHO in the ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD

**NUMBER TWO**

Dear Children: Read about me on the following page, **guess my name and color me in my really truly colors.** Then send me before July 15 to Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Be sure and

send your name and age and address with your page.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next-best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

By RUTH BRADFORD

Number II

GOOD MORNING! Do you like to rest as much as I do? I take a most refreshing nap that lasts from October until March or April. And I'm still pretty lazy between my morning breakfast of—say—grass or clover or garden truck and my evening dinner of grass or perhaps melons and peaches.

Don't you know me? I'm one of the gnawers. I belong to the RODENTIA family and the rabbits, mice, beavers and squirrels are some of my cousins. I and my four brothers and sisters were born in an underground nest a year ago last May, and in September we moved into new burrow-homes of our own. Home sweet home! I dug mine myself. I dug the earth with my front feet and pushed it out with my shorter hind feet. My front hallway goes *down* and then *up* (so that spring floods won't hurt my home) and then leads to my soft grass-lined nest. I have two back doors so that I can leave home in a hurry if unpleasant callers drop in my front way. The only unpleasant ones nowadays are dogs and farmers and once in a while a fox. I can run from them pretty fast, but if I have to fight, I can. I'm only two feet long but my teeth are ever so sharp!

Aren't my eyes bright and soulful and isn't my fur thick? When I go digging I close up my cute little round ears so the soil won't get in them. My short brushy tail comes in handy when I sit up and look around me. I sit on my tail and my two hind feet then—they make a sort of camera tripod for me to rest on!

My voice always shows people just how I'm feeling. When I'm unhappy or angry I growl. When I am just contented I grunt. But when I am extra happy I whistle. Yes-sir-eee, whistle. And my high soprano voice is very jolly.



*Whose fault when children disobey?
People judge you by the behavior of your
children. If your child ever did this
what would you do?*

Does Your Child Ever Embarrass You?

THERE is nothing more embarrassing, nothing more humiliating, than a naughty child. Every mother knows that people judge her by the behavior of her children—that parents with unruly youngsters are seldom popular, seldom asked to go places.

How do you act when your child openly disobeys in front of visitors? Do you flush and murmur apologies? Do you punish the child then and there? Or do you pretend not to notice the incident and attempt to "cover it up"?

Unnecessary Humiliation

A disobedient child is a constant source of trouble and humiliation. Yet all this worry, all this embarrassment, is now unnecessary.

Now you need no longer worry about the behavior of your children. No matter how lively they may be, no matter how mischievous you can easily give them a simple training which will make them courteous, truthful and obedient—a source of pride and joy, instead of embarrassment and humiliation. No longer need you be constantly worried when visitors call, for fear your child will "act up" or misbehave. With a wonderful new method of home training you can have perfect confidence that your child will behave without constant supervision, constant watching.

Aiding Parents

This entirely new and different method of child training has been evolved by Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia). After years of scientific research and practical experience in child training, Professor Beery has formed the Parents Association to aid parents in the proper training of their children. Today the Parents Association is bringing a great constructive

help to 30,000 members in training children to have sturdy health of body, fineness of mind, and nobility of character.

This great movement will bring you the help you so badly need. It will show you how to win the child's complete confidence—how to make

Interesting Book FREE

We have prepared a booklet "New Methods in Child Training," which tells about the new methods discovered by Professor Beery and describes the work of the Association. We shall be glad to send you this book absolutely free. It will tell you some facts about child training which you never dreamed of before.

This book will be promptly mailed to you upon receipt of the coupon or a post card. Send for it now. The future of your child—



How do you act when your child openly disobeys in front of visitors? Should this child be punished?

A disobedient child is a constant source of trouble and humiliation.

When your child "acts up," do you conquer or does he?

Correcting Mistakes

It tells you how to correct mistakes of early training—how to suppress temper in children without punishment—how to discourage the "why" habit in regard to commands.

This new system does not deal in generalities. It shows by concrete illustration exactly how to overcome every disagreeable habit, every doubtful trait. And best of all, this new method is not difficult to apply—it is simplicity itself.

his character, his personality, his success—all depend on the type of training you give him now. The Parents Association method is undoubtedly the most scientific and authoritative system ever prepared.

Mail the coupon now

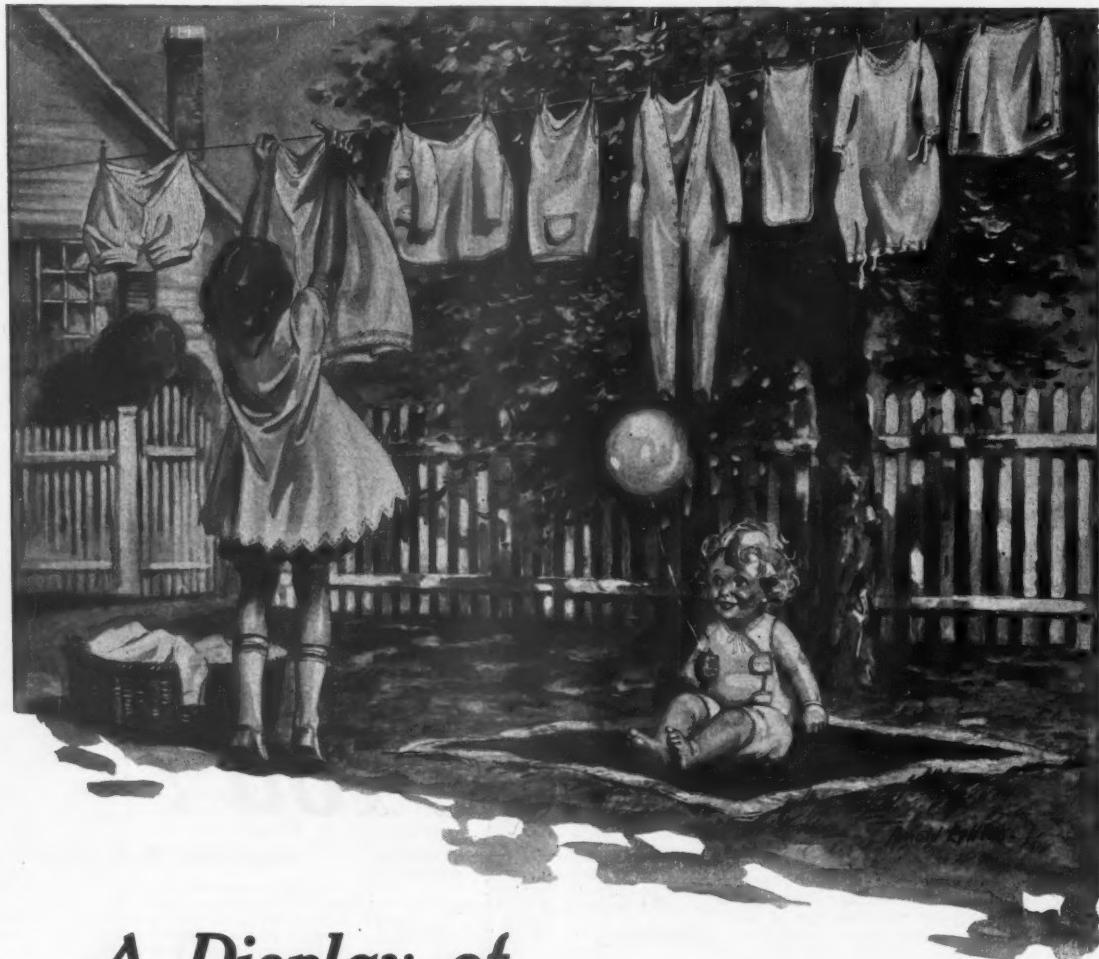
THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Inc.
Dept. 967. Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Free Book Coupon

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION,
Dept. 967. Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Please send me your booklet "New Methods in Child Training" and information about the Parents Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
City State



A Display of Good Judgment

WRITE today for our free illustrated booklet. It is dainty and instructive—a booklet every Mother will enjoy.

"Burkland"
PERFECT FITTING

WASH DAY—Baby's and Sister's soft, fleecy, white clothes hang out to dry in the warm summer sunshine. Mother knows the secret of health. Next to Baby's tender skin a warm, comfortable shirt and band—no pins, no strings—just every feature to make less work for Mother and contentment and good health for Baby.

Every Burkland garment for infants and children is just as carefully planned for comfort as the Burkland shirt. Only best grade imported Australian Worsted (long fiber wool) and Combed Peeler Cotton are used. Every garment is sterilized and inspected before it leaves our factory. If your dealer has overlooked stocking Burkland Perfect Fitting Undergarments, please send us his name and address and we will see that he is supplied.

BURKLAND KNITTING WORKS, Inc.
2341 Wabansia Ave., Chicago, Illinois

THE BUBBLE GAME

By HAZEL BORING

WHAT are you going to do, Jimmie?" Dorothy asked, as she watched her brother.

"Wait and see," he answered teasingly.

Dorothy watched eagerly while he laid a piece of flannel over the lid of a pasteboard box and pulled the ends together on the under side.

Then, holding this flannel-covered lid in his hand, he ran to the back yard and Dorothy followed.

Here he had some soap-suds and his bubble pipe. He quickly blew a bubble and set it afloat on the air. When it started to the ground he gave it a gentle tap from beneath with the covered pasteboard and the bubble bounced high in the air.

Again and again Jimmie bounced the bubble and it didn't break!

"Oh, Jimmie, I want to do that!" Dorothy cried. "How did you know they would bounce?"

"Uncle Billy showed me how when I visited him," Jimmie answered, and kept on bouncing the bubble until it finally burst.

"Here, you may have my bouncer, Dot," he said, "and I'll make another one."

It did not take Jimmie long to make

another bouncer and then he hurried back to play with Dorothy.

They soon found out that they could make a little game of it by bouncing the bubbles back and forth to each other.

John and Mary, who lived next door, watched the bubble-bouncing over the fence and thought it was so much fun that they made bouncers too and joined the game.

But they all wanted to bounce the bubble at the same time and got in one another's way.

Then all of a sudden Dorothy got an idea.

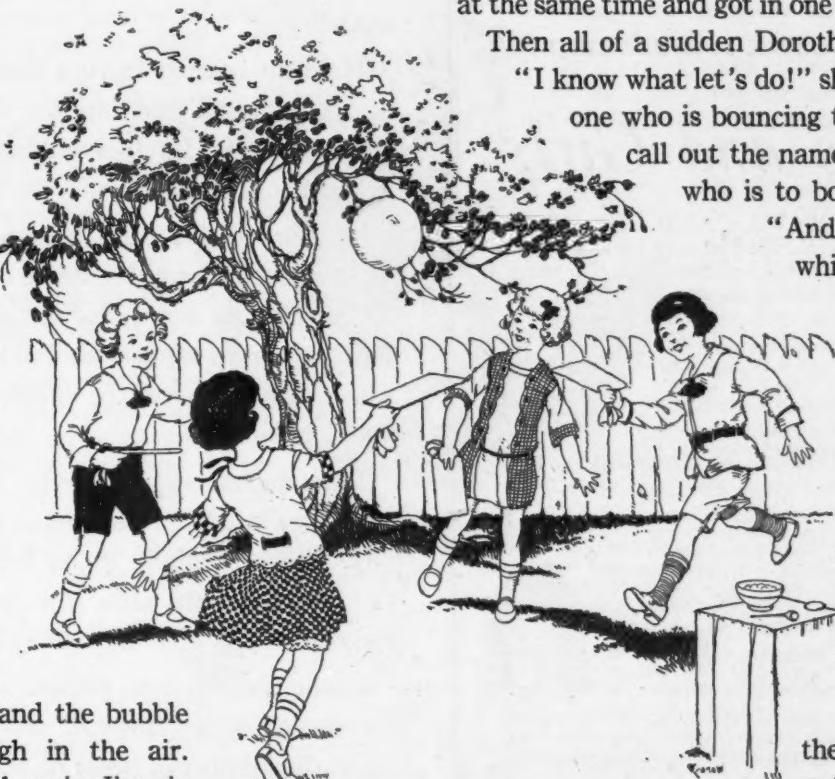
"I know what let's do!" she cried. "The one who is bouncing the bubble will call out the name of the person who is to bounce it next."

"And if it bursts while he's bouncing it, he will have to be 'it' and blow another bubble to be bounced," Jimmie said.

"That will be fun!" cried Mary as she bounced a bubble into the air and called out "Dorothy."

Dorothy bounced it and then quickly called "John!" But the bubble burst while John was bouncing it and every one laughed and laughed because he had to be "it" and blow another bubble.

They played a long time and thought the game of "Bubbles" great fun. Perhaps you would like to play it sometime. So here are the directions for making Bouncers and the rules of the game.





**Tomahawk Lake Camps
for
*Boys and Girls***

MINNE-WAWA CAMP FOR GIRLS was established in 1912 by five sisters who loved out-of-door life. The camp was unsurpassed in its popularity from the start. Today it has been so completely equipped that MINNE-WAWA is one of the finest camps of its kind in the entire country.

The purpose of this camp is to furnish a happy and safe out-of-door vacation to young girls. It is located in the "Park Region of Wisconsin" on land owned by the State of Wisconsin for its forest reserve.

Nature studies, horseback riding on well trained Indian ponies, along Indian trails, and canoe trips on the Wisconsin River, Minocqua chain of lakes and Tomahawk River, trips to Lac Du Flambeau Indian Reservation, are all included in the delights of the camp activities.

Miss Freda Bachman, of the University of Wisconsin, is "Camp Mother" assisted by Miss Margery Carlson also of the University of Wisconsin.

AD-A-WA-GAM CAMP FOR BOYS located only a few miles away on land between Big Carr Lake and Tomahawk Lake is an equally attractive outing camp.

Swimming, Canoeing, Horseback riding are under the personal supervision of Mr. Al Henzel, Milwaukee University School, Mr. Geo. Berg, University of Wisconsin, Mr. Gordon Nightingale, University of Wisconsin, assisted by five college students selected on account of their high standing in college.

Please request our handsome booklet giving a pictorial and printed explanation of these most unusual vacation advantages.

Accommodations for a limited number only. Do not delay your letter.

M. A. EBERT, Director

TOMAHAWK LAKE

Oneida County

WISCONSIN

THE GAME OF BUBBLES

Make your soap solution with toilet soap. You can blow several bubbles from your pipe from one dipping in the solution. The second bubble blown is usually strongest, and will bounce best.

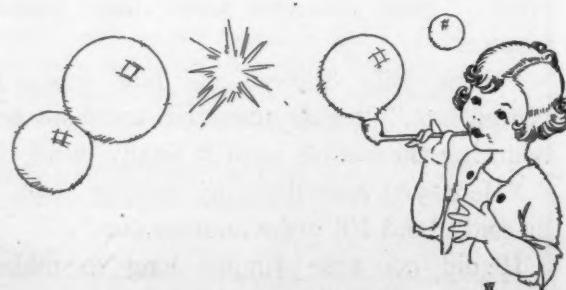
To make a bouncer lay a piece of smooth flannel or some other soft smooth material over a square of stiff pasteboard. The lid of a pasteboard box does nicely. Pull the ends of the flannel together on the under side of the pasteboard and draw the cloth tight enough to make the top of the bouncer smooth.

Hold the bouncer in your hand by the ends of the material and tap the bubble gently from beneath. Bubbles will bounce with the lightest sort of tap.

To start off the game blow a soap bubble, set it afloat and call the name of some one in the party. Be sure never to call out a name until you have tapped the bubble. The one who is called bounces the bubble and calls out another name.

If the bubble bursts in the air, the one whose name has last been called is "it," and must blow another bubble to be bounced. Or if the bubble bursts while it is being bounced the one who is bouncing is "it."

If you should wish, you may keep a score for the game by marking after each one's name the number of times he was "it." The one with the smallest score wins.



Fables in Fabric

By Ruby Short McKim

THE FABLE

ONCE upon a time there was a cottage who had the most valuable goose that ever was. Unless you already know, you could not imagine what a thing this goose could do. Every day, when it was time to gather eggs, there was a glittering golden egg in the nest of this wonderful goose.

The countryman took them to town where he readily exchanged them for money. Day by day his money pile grew, and he was rapidly becoming wealthy. One day he became cross and impatient because the goose gave only one egg a day. "There must be a great lump of gold inside that goose," said he, and then he did a most unwise and wicked thing. He killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. So that is the thing folks have said ever since when they have foolishly harmed a benefactor. He found the inside of the goose just for all the world like the inside of any other—not a grain of gold! And never another golden egg appeared in the nest.

Do you remember what wise old Aesop said about it? "Those who have plenty often want more, and so lose what they have."



THE FABRIC

IF YOU have not made up any of these cunning little Fable designs you are surely missing something both decorative and unusual. This month the patterns are of the foolish little old countryman and his goose that met a tragic end. He applies onto the bottom of a little smock or apron, from whence he gazes covetously up to the loveliest white goose on her nest. The goose is a white applique patch with orange embroidered bill and a bit of black outline stitching. She sits on a nest of orange or brown gingham, with a few wisps of straw to be outline stitched, and this nest is really a pocket in which to carry copper pennies, if not golden eggs.

You may use most any bits of wash goods for the man's clothes. For his head and hand a scrap of unbleached muslin is just right. His smock may be plain or figured, and whatever you use for the nest is good for the ax. If your apron is plain color the ax could be simply in outline stitch.

The pattern comes in just the right sizes of all parts, to transfer with a hot iron, right onto your materials. Send fifteen cents in stamps. Address

**PATTERN DEPARTMENT
CHILD LIFE**
Care of
RAND McNALLY & CO.
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



very low fare

Xcursions

**California—Colorado Rockies
Grand Canyon National Park
Yosemite=Big Trees
New Mexico and Arizona Rockies.**

Liberal stopovers and return limit

Fred Harvey serves all the meals via the Santa Fe—

mail this

Mr. W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager
Santa Fe System Lines
1145 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me detailed information as to dates of sale,
etc., about summer excursions to

also folders descriptive of trip

UNDER THE RAINBOW

(Continued from page 451)

now you can come to the other side of the rainbow whenever you want to, and all the other boys and girls that I find to be truthful and brave, too.

BONBON: But why didn't you tell me?

PEPPERMINT: Because I wanted to see if you were brave, too.

[Enter CHORUS OF ICE CREAM CONES, who sing, with a dance movement, if desired, to the tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."]

Did you ever have a great big cone,
All alone, a whole big (*indicating*) cone?

No? Well how'd you like to be a cone?
And never go to school?

It's terr'ble fun, at first, you know—
At *first*, you know; where'er you go

The kiddies follow you—although
You get almost too cool.

[CURTAIN]

PLANTING A GARDEN

ALICE G. WHITMAN

HERE is a good game. The names of the things planted are not stated directly but merely suggested. For example, "I planted a kitten; what came up?" We readily guess "pussywillows."

This is a good game to play on a rainy afternoon. Let each person make up one question, write it on a slip of paper and sign his or her name. At a given signal the slips may be exchanged and each one tries to guess what is the answer to the question written on that slip. You may read in turn the slips which you hold and give your answer. If the answer is not correct the one who wrote the question, gives the correct answer.

The following examples of questions will be useful until you become acquainted with the game.

PLANTING A GARDEN

Plant a box of candy: What will come up? (*Candytuft*)

Plant some steps (*Hops*)

A minister (*Jack-in-the-pulpit*)

Cinderella at midnight (*Lady's slipper*)

Contentment (*Heart's-ease*)

Days, Months (*Thyme*)

A foppish animal (*Dandelion*)

Colors (*Pinks, Violets, Roses*)

Sad beauties (*Blue Bells*)

Letter of the alphabet (*Peas*)

What warms the earth (*Sunflower*)

A Richmond caterpillar (*Virginia creeper*)

Christmas Eve (*Star of Bethlehem*)

Forever (*Everlasting*)

Star Spangled Banners (*Flags*)

THE GAME OF STICKS

JULIA WOLFE

THE game of sticks is lots of fun and is a summer game. Almost any number of players can play it at one time. It requires a rectangular plot of ground at least forty feet wide by sixty feet long—the greater the number of players the larger it should be.

Divide the ground lengthwise into two equal parts and mark the boundary between them by a row of sticks, boards or anything else that will show where the division is at all points along the line. Near one end of the ground, and at least fifteen feet back from the dividing line, mark a base about ten feet long. That is prisoner's base. At the other end of the ground, and at a similar distance from the dividing line but on the other side of it, put another prisoner's base. Fifteen feet from the dividing line and directly opposite each of the prisoner's bases place a row of three tin cans, each of which contains three sticks of the size of lead pencils. The ground is now ready.

Divide the players into teams and let the teams take opposite sides of the plat. Each side must choose one of its number to guard its sticks. The rest give dares to the opposing side by stepping across the dividing line and by making quick dashes to try to get their opponent's sticks.

When a player ventures too far across the line and is tagged by an opponent, the one who is tagged must go to his opponent's base, where he must remain until one of his own party can slip across the dividing line and touch him without first being tagged himself. The player who has just released a prisoner must return to his own side, but he cannot be tagged before he crosses the dividing line. The prisoner who has been released may return to his own ground, or he may wander about on his opponent's ground, watching for his chance to get a stick from them.

IT'S NO WONDER LITTLE FOLKS GROW SO FOND OF *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES!



Mothers find that the crispy deliciousness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tempts the child when no other foods will appeal. Kellogg's are the ideal summer diet for children as well as for older members of the family!

Kellogg's is vitally important as a milk conveyor, for a child will consume liberal quantities over Kellogg's Corn Flakes, yet balk at drinking milk!

Let the children have all they want, for breakfast, for back-yard banquets, for lunch and for the good-night meal. Give digestion a chance and see the bloom of health in little cheeks all summer long. All grocers sell Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

You and all will have a lot of laughs with Kellogg's "Funny Jungleland" moving pictures—the oddest menagerie you ever did see! Send 10 cents in stamps or currency for a copy. Address Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.



Billy Boy attempts to take his own bath

BILLY Boy liked his daily bath with Resinol Soap because it was so easy to make lots of white, foamy lather and then see how quickly he could rinse it all off. So one day when Mother was busy he decided to bathe himself.

It was a failure as a bath and Mother scolded him for getting so wet, but she knew that good, wholesome soap and water never hurt anyone so she wasn't very angry. Resinol Soap is absolutely pure and free from all harsh, irritating ingredients. That is why thousands of mothers provide no other soap for the toilet use of every member of the family.

It is highly recommended by doctors and nurses for the delicate skin of babies and children—cleanses the tiny pores without drying the natural oil—thereby preventing rashes and chafing—and keeping the skin soft and smooth.

May we send you a trial size cake free.
Write Dept. 3-N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

"Try it three days—you'll buy it always"

**Resinol
Soap**



WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

HOW would you like to spend years in the African Jungles, eating bush-pig, elephant tail soup, wild honey and baked porcupine, and exploring tropical forests? How would you like to capture elephants, rhinoceros, bush-pigs and other jungle folk and to take moving pictures of them? Edyth Eustace thinks it is fun. She is the wife of Harry Kaigh Eustace, the African explorer and big game hunter, and is known among African natives as "Catasi Moga," which means "sure aim." She knows all about jungle animals and is going to tell CHILD LIFE readers about some of her favorites. The first of her jolly Jungle Junior Stories begins in this number.

Don't forget that "Now and Then," that fascinating story of early days in America, written by the popular Dr. and Mrs. Knipe, will soon appear in these pages. So will the fairy tales and funny jingles of the children's own Katherine Pyle whose many books are lovingly read over and over again. And so will many other noted writers whose stories are equally popular and worth while.

And remember that we are going to let Father and Mother have a page all for themselves. On this, Mrs. Helen B. Paulsen, the Mother Goose Lady, is going to tell them all about children and child training and such things—just as she has been telling so many thousands of parents before women's clubs, mothers' clubs, Rotary clubs and parent-teachers' associations all over the country.



It was inevitable.

The Mother Goose Lady could no longer resist CHILD LIFE'S allurements. The children needed her.

"It's all right, and all very good to lecture on child life!" they agreed among themselves. "But we want you to write for CHILD LIFE, too. It's very clear to us that we often perplex our mothers and fathers so that they get puzzled over us and call us 'problems' and such names. And we don't mean to be problems at all! We just don't think as they do and they don't think as we do. Nobody ever did understand us like Mother Goose, and dear Mother Goose Lady, we want you to explain us to each other!"

And one little girl called out tearfully, "Oh, please do, Mother Goose Lady! I'm Little Miss Muffet, and I'm afraid of things—'specially spiders—and I want my mother to know why I'm afraid so that she can help me get over it."

Then a boy's voice piped up, loud and excited, "Oh, Mother Goose Lady, I'm Tom-Tom, the Piper's Son! I saw the cunningest little pig today and I liked him and he liked me. And I said, 'I haven't any pets and you haven't any boys to pet you, and you want to go home with me. Don't you?' And he grunted back, 'Yes! Yes!' awful hard. He had short legs and couldn't run fast as I could. So I grabbed him up and was running home with him when some big folks came up and said I stole the pig! And when I tried to tell them that the pig *said* he wanted to be my pig, they just called me bad names and said I 'disregarded property rights' or something like that. And I didn't know what to say 'cause my parents never explained property rights to me. Will *you* tell them, Mother Goose Lady, how I thought it was all right when property rights *said* they wanted to be mine, and will you tell *them* about property rights so that they won't get mixed up about it, either?"

The Mother Goose Lady said, "I will. I'd just love to!"

So the children decided to give a part of their own CHILD LIFE to their parents every month, so that the Mother Goose Lady can help *them* to "become as a little child" and "enter into the kingdom."

Mother—

You and the Children Need a Vacation

WHERE everything is arranged by scientific experts for health, comfort and happiness.

At ORCHARD HILL CAMP, the children's Health and Happiness Camp, a special cottage has been planned for the mothers whose children are too young to go alone to camp. Trained nurses are in charge of the children at all times, so that the mothers can have long hours of rest and recreation, free from care, and yet near enough so that they know just what the children are doing at all times.

Each child in camp is studied as an individual and plans made to develop whatever is needed.

The director, Dr. Edith B. Lowry, is a specialist in child hygiene and has been connected with the United States Public Health Service for many years. No child is too young to be admitted in the mother child group.

Write today for illustrated booklet and complete details of this delightful camp for mothers and children. Enrollment is strictly limited and only a few late registrations will be accepted, so early reservation is necessary.



Seal on Orchard Hill Camp Ring

Write for complete illustrated booklet

Address:

DR. EDITH B. LOWRY

Orchard Hill Camp
St. Charles, Illinois

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



LAURA
VALENTINE
STYLES
CHICAGO PARIS



4352



4351

NATALIE, who is fourteen, has an organdie frock (No. 4352) of such charm you'll want Mother to make you one if you are 8, 10, 12 or 14 years old—the pattern comes in all these sizes.

No. 4352 is simple and will make up equally well in crepe de chine or taffeta. The skirt has an underbody and is trimmed with flat bands, picoted, or strips of filet lace if one desires. A lovely dress, for instance, would be pale cream organdie, with bands of henna organdie, roses of gold color and two-toned brown and gold ribbons at the neck and waist.

Dress No. 4351 is sensible and comfortable in ratine, sponge,

gingham, linen or chambray—sizes 8, 10, 12 or 14 years. The sleeves can be either long or short. The dress can also be made of plaid gingham—lavender and green, we'll say, with collar, cuffs, belt and pockets, if you wish, of white linen, and the panel down the front pin-tucked all the way. Buttonhole the collar and cuffs in green yarn and you'll have a fetching frock.

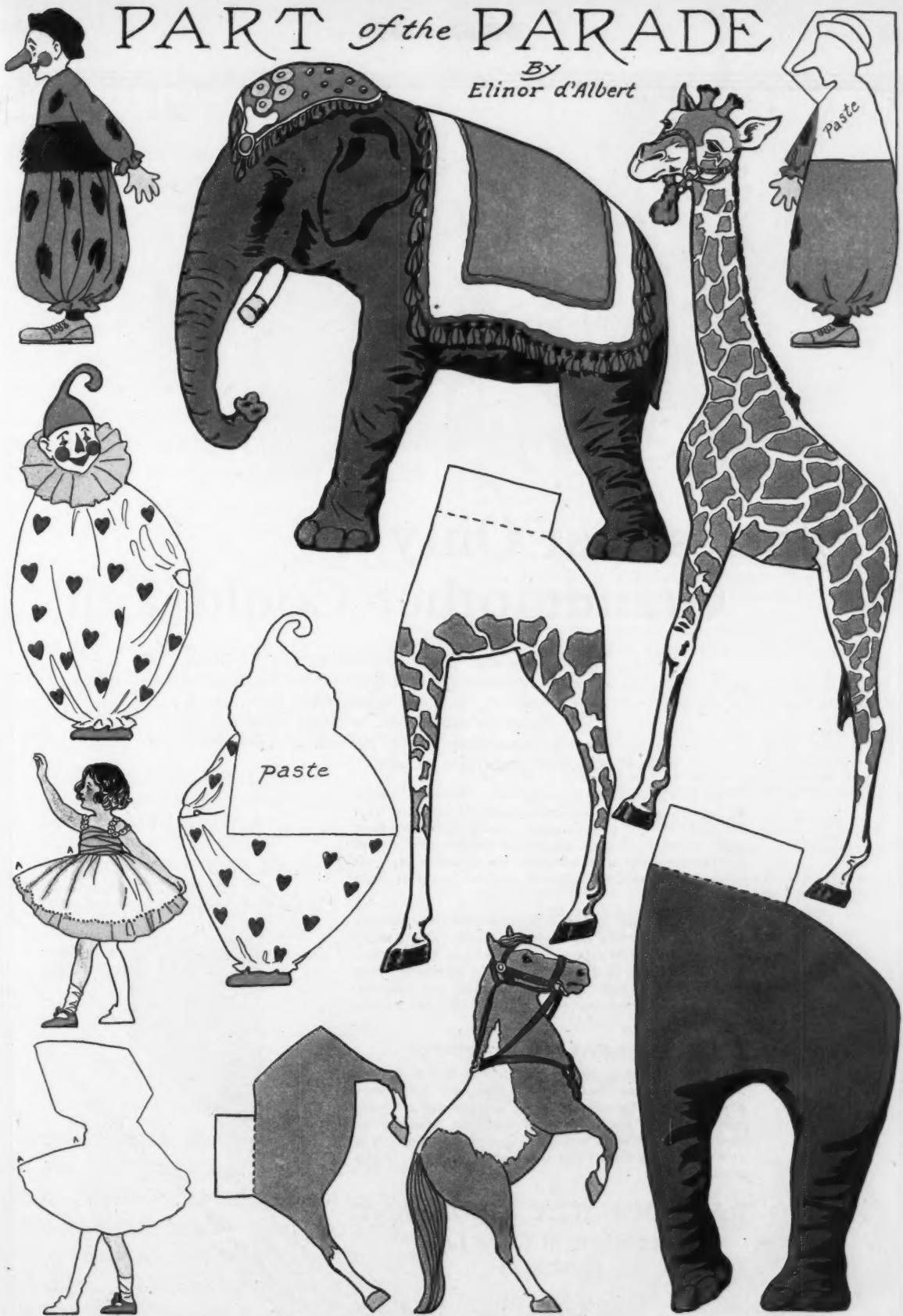
Miss Valentine is always glad to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Magazine, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

Order our new quarterly fashion booklet; 25 cents.

PART of the PARADE

By
Elinor d'Albert



DIRECTIONS

CUT OUT the clowns and put together, with paste on the white part only, leaving limbs free. Mount the rest of the figures on paper of the same thickness. The little pony trainer is to be pasted together at head, waist and at both arms, leaving skirts and feet free. Fold forward the flaps on the animals, after cutting out the pieces carefully; take the two pieces of the giraffe, hold lightly in your hands with the folded flap inside, and the

four feet resting on the table. When you are sure that you have them in the right position with the edge of the fold along the slope of the giraffe's back, hold firmly, and mark the position on the back with a pencil, then put paste on the flap and fasten together. The other animals are done in the same way, and are easier to do. Be careful to have the pony's tail and two back feet touch the floor, as it will help him to stand. (Patented 1913).



Stories that Only a Grandmother Could Tell

MY, how did Grandma know so many! What adventures she had had! What fun it must have been to be alive when Grandma was a girl! Once Grandma had whistled right out in church—once been chased by wolves—once worn a yellow gown to a wedding!

She tells each story in a chapter of "bedtime" length in *Early Candlelight Stories*, by Stella C. Shetter. This RAND McNALLY book is sure to charm youngsters from eight to twelve, it is so simply and sweetly told, so full of the fine things a grandmother saw in other days. It is illustrated with the quaintest pictures, many of them in color.

Other delightful RAND McNALLY books for children from eight to twelve are: *Japanese Fairy Tales*, *Flower Fairies*, *Little Bear's Play Time* and *True Bear Stories*. Each is published to delight the heart of childhood. You will approve of each in subject, handling and make-up. BOOKSTORES everywhere carry RAND McNALLY books for children.

Send for the Guide for Selection

Our little catalog, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*, contains more than 150 titles, and makes easy the choosing of proper books for any age and temperament. It is so small, it can fit into your hand-bag—so complete, it can serve as a guide in your shopping. It is yours for the asking. Use the coupon, or write, if you prefer.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers of *Child Life*
CHICAGO



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Dept. U.33,
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
Gentlemen: Please send me, without charge, your catalog, Books for
Children and Guide for Selection.
Name _____
Address _____

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

(Continued from page 443)

that every officer and soldier will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

It took years of fighting before that message tolled out by the Liberty Bell finally became a fact, and the United Colonies became free and independent states.

During the following years the old bell rang on each succeeding anniversary of that first Independence Day. It also tolled out the death-knell of many a patriot who gave his life in the cause of liberty.

It was on July 8, 1835, that the bell tolled out for the last time, during the funeral services of Chief Justice John Marshall, a hero of the Revolution.

As the bell rang out it suddenly cracked, and its great voice was silent forever. As someone has said, it had lived out its life as men live out their lives—its work was done.

That old State House Bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young—
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die!



FAIRY CANDY

(Continued from page 445)

So the corner was deserted. But there were still plenty of candy hearts waiting for customers. There they hung on the little bush, just as the rabbits had left them. Such pretty little red hearts! And the bush was proud to hold them. They made it seem so gay.

When you're walking in an old-fashioned garden, if you chance upon a plant hung with tiny red hearts, you'll know that the fairies and the garden folk have been holding a bazaar!

Just what are Keds?



Millions of mothers buy Keds for their children every summer. Yet many of them often get inferior substitutes because they don't realize all that the name Keds means—or how to make sure of getting them.

So here briefly are the things every mother should know about these famous summer shoes:

1. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company—the largest rubber organization in the world.

2. Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes for men, women and children. Years of skill and experience have made them unique both in appearance and in wear. There are styles for the street, for the home, for sport and for general outdoor use.

3. Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. While they vary in price according to type, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

4. On every pair of genuine Keds the name Keds appears. Always look for it before you buy.

Let children's feet enjoy the coolness, the ease, the lasting comfort that only Keds can give. If your local dealer hasn't the type you want, he will get it for you.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys, and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. L-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

One of the most popular, all-purpose Keds



A sturdy sport model

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoes



A MESSAGE TO GOOD CITIZENS

From THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Jr.
Assistant Secretary of the Navy

Being a good citizen is just about as important for children as it is for grown-ups. Older people may have to do more things in connection with good citizenship, but they have no monopoly of it. Children can do at least as much for other children as grown-ups.

It goes without saying that the boy who plays games hard and clean and studies properly is much better off than the one who does nothing but loaf at the corner drug store. The question is up to the boys and girls. They can, if they wish, make better citizens of their acquaintances. To do this they must take an active part in the affairs of their school or neighborhood.

We are apt to forget that Negative Virtue is of little account; only positive virtue is valuable. It is not enough to simply not do badly yourself. You must try to see that others don't do badly. Whether you are ten years old or forty, you will come through right if you take for your guide in life the principles that guide any good sportsman in playing football or baseball. Play the game hard, play it clean, play it with every ounce you have in you and if you lose take the result cheerfully.

A Good Citizen at Home

For July let us see what we can do to show that we are good citizens at home. A good citizen makes his home happy and comfortable.

- 1—I washed dishes.
- 2—I set the table.
- 3—I made a bed.
- 4—I swept the floor.
- 5—I scrubbed the floor.
- 6—I swept the porches and walks.
- 7—I scrubbed the porches and walks.
- 8—I brought in coal or wood.
- 9—I went to the store for mother.
- 10—I took care of baby for at least an hour.
- 11—I cleaned the yard.
- 12—I cleaned the shed or basement.
- 13—I mended the walk.
- 14—I mended the fence.
- 15—I watered the plants.
- 16—I washed the windows.
- 17—I fed the chickens.
- 18—I gathered the eggs.
- 19—I hung up my hat and coat.
- 20—I gathered flowers for the table.
- 21—I weeded the garden.
- 22—I came at once when called.
- 23—I went to bed on time.
- 24—I got up at once when called.
- 25—I was cheerful when corrected.

Join the League NOW!

Be an active member of the Good Citizens League. The membership pin will be sent free upon request to any reader of CHILD LIFE Magazine under twelve years of age who will faithfully try to live up to the League pledge.

Keep a record of your activities each month to show that you are a good citizen.

You will receive an honor point for each day you have recorded a good citizenship deed.

Each month a list of things you can do as good citizens will be published. You will think of many others yourselves.

A selected number of the best will be published in each issue. If one of yours is published you will receive ten additional honor points.

Every month an honor roll will be printed, with the names of the children who have earned twenty-five or more points. Have yours there!

We will have an honor roll for states. Each month the name of the state which has secured the most honor points for the month will be printed. Work for your state!

Each child who has earned 300 honor points before next June will be given a prize.

You must send in your list for your July work before August 5. The honor list for July will appear in the October number.

Lists sent in later than August 5 will be credited, but the name of the child will not appear on the honor roll.

The judges for the contest, which closed June 20, on "What Does It Mean to Be a Good Citizen?" will be Miss Rose Waldo, editor of CHILD LIFE Magazine; William B. Owens, president of the National Education Association; and Miss Lida Hafford, director of headquarters, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

For further information write to the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Playing the Game

Uncle Dick sauntered down the street. He was having a vacation after a winter of hard work at the state capitol. It seemed to him that on every vacant lot that beautiful morning there was a baseball nine at play. Admiring groups of friends cheered the good plays and frowned on the poor ones. In the afternoon Father, Mother and Uncle Dick went to a big league game and here, too, there was applause for the good players and groans for the others.

That evening as Uncle Dick and Father talked politics, Uncle told of many good laws that had been passed to make the state a better place to live in and also of some poor laws that had been adopted.

"I wish we knew how to keep the poor laws from being made," said Father.

"Well," was Uncle Dick's reply, "everybody seems to know just how to stop a poor ball player. And I know why. Every one knows how to play baseball. The boys play as soon as they can hold a bat, and the girls learn the game too. Every one knows the rules and no one will stand poor work. If they would begin to play being a citizen when they are boys and girls they would soon know the rules of that game and poor work would be stopped. America learns baseball by playing it. She must learn citizenship the same way."

"I've been thinking of what you said," declared Father the next morning, "and we're going to learn the game of citizenship in this family. We'll start a good citizens' club and every one here will join."

That evening Donald rushed home excitedly. "Our baseball nine wants to learn to play the game of citizenship, too. We are going to have a club."

"Why, so is our tennis club," cried Alice.

"That's great!" Uncle Dick stood in the doorway, his face beaming. "And I know just where you can find out what to do. CHILD LIFE Magazine has a Good Citizen's League that you can join. It will give you a membership button and each month will tell you just what a good citizen does."



Russian Wolfhound Puppies



Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

Prices reasonable.

ARKANSAS VALLEY KENNELS
Dept. A1
D. C. Davis, Prop.
Cimarron, Kan.

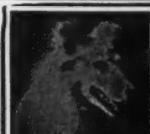
REGISTERED SCOTCH COLLIES
Represents Best Breeding in America
Grown stock and puppies for sale at reasonable prices from American and imported Champions
The Arcadia Collie Kennels
"Registered"
3803 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.



CHILDREN'S COMPANIONS OORANG AIREDALES

A FREE COPY DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET of world's largest dog kennels will be mailed on request listing for sale the famous Oorang Airedales specially trained as children's companions, watch-dogs, farm dogs, stock drivers, automobile guards, and hunters of all kinds of game. Also choice breeding stock, puppy stock, kennel supplies, dog foods, dog medicines, etc. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.

ORANG KENNELS
Box 64, La Rue, Ohio



COLLIES

Safest dog for children. Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists. Jefferson White Collie Kennels, Wauseon, O.

A letter in White's Collie Club type

Pekingese Puppies

are one of the safest and best dogs for children.

**Playful—Watchful
Beautiful**

Correspondence a pleasure.

KINRYO KENNELS
6075 Oakwood Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio.



KIPLING says: "Every child has an inborn right to be brought up with a dog." This is a great truth if the dog is the big, strong kind of a fellow that will love, protect, sympathize with, entertain, educate and necessary die for a little girl or boy! The hard, foreboding, implacable White Scotch Collies that we sent to

ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS, Dept. L. C. L., Oshkosh, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

CHILD LIFE

DOG DEPARTMENT

ALTHOUGH June was the first issue in which CHILD LIFE'S Dog Department appeared a good many fathers and mothers have written us asking for advice about dogs.

In the Kennel advertisements which appear in this department, you will find the type of dog best suited to give that affectionate devotion to your children which a dog bears for its young master or mistress.

CHILD LIFE wants each of its little readers to have the companionship of a dog and will be only too glad to answer any inquiries pertaining to the selection of one of these loyal pets for your household. Just write to CHILD LIFE, Dog Department, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WHITE ESQUIMAUX PUPPIES
Ideal for Children

Large Stock to Select from
CHICAGO ANIMAL INDUSTRIES
1321 N. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

hard reindeer in Northern Alaska, to accompany Amundsen on his seven-year trip to Polar Regions, as companions to the great Canadian North West Mounted Police have those virile qualities that every thinking mother and father wants in charge of their own baby. A big, strikingly handsome White Collie that will permit an innocent baby to gaze in its eyes and mail him with infinite tenderness an unselfish, all day long, duty with the children, rules the household when there is a fire.

Write us freely about your needs.

BORZOIS (Russian Wolfhounds)

The dog of kings and emperors. The aristocrat of the canine family. The most beautiful of all breeds.

Puppies for sale. Very reasonable. Exceptionally beautiful. Come from some of the greatest Champions in the country. No better blood to be had at any price.

Address:
DR. L. De SAYDA, College President
Lakewood, N. J.

hold the baby by the dress when an automobile passes, attract them irresistibly to the healthful outdoors summer and winter, is the kind that adds many peaceful hours to the lives of mother and father, many years of happiness to the child and golden memories for a life time. Pedigree, country grown stock for any climate.



Interest—Greatest of All Teachers

THE practical usefulness of Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia is a direct result of its never-ending interest. Sooner or later we all resolve to do more "good reading." But almost always the temptation of the daily newspaper or the current magazine proves too strong when "reading time" comes.

With Compton's, you will not need to make any stern resolutions. No man or woman, no boy or girl needs any urging to enter its pages. You will pick up a volume at every opportunity, and you will lay it down with reluctance.

You will find that Compton's attracts you more than any newspaper or magazine. It has the same friendly style, combined with a richer, deeper, and more varied background. It meets any mood or taste of the reader, for it has the whole field of knowledge to draw upon.

Compton's is the best illustrated set of books ever published. Its pictures are the pick of half a million gathered from every corner of the earth. Every picture means something—something definite, interesting, and important.

And all the time you know that what you read and see in Compton's is as accurate and complete as the best authorities in America can make it.

You learn as you read. And when interest is your teacher, you never forget!

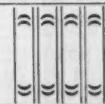
*Full particulars about Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia
will be sent upon request to anyone interested.*

Address: F. E. COMPTON & CO., Dept. 267, 58 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.



Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

For Every Member of the Family





CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear CHILD LIFE:

DO YOU think that the readers of CHILD LIFE would be interested in our bird club? It is called the Blue Ribbon Bird Club. What we do is feed the birds in winter. We had meetings twice a week during the summer to collect money for the birds. When cold weather comes we see that the birds in our vicinity don't go hungry.

A. J. ESTABROOK
Arlington Hts., Mass.

Age 9 years



Your little friends,

VITTORIA and ELENA SALVATORE

Glen Cove, L. I.

Age 4 and 2 years

A FAIRY SONG

SOON as the golden sun goes down,
The fairy queen puts on her gown
To dance a dance to tinkling bells
And fly around in fairy dells.

The flowers greet her with a song,
The elfins form a happy throng.
Soon as the silvery moon goes down
The fairy queen takes off her crown.

BETTY HOLLAND
Age 9 years New York City.

A NEW MEMBER

MY HAIR is light and my eyes are brown,
And I'm five years old today.
I'd like to belong to your lovely club.
And read all the things you say.

GEORGE KELLNER
Age 5 years Highland Park, Ill.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH



Child Health

Miss Verna Thornhill of the Child Hygiene Department, United States Public Health Service, says that the greatest defect in child health in America is the diseased mouth. This includes bad dental conditions and other mouth infections.

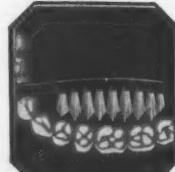
Why not have a little family tooth brush drill all of your own? The kiddies like Dr. West's Tooth Brush. It's the right size and shape to fit their little mouths. A safeguard to health.

In Three Sizes at
All Good Dealers

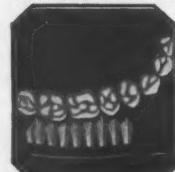
THE WESTERN CO.
Chicago New York

Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Australia, Canada, etc. Numerous other patents pending. Our rights will be fully protected.

Cleans INSIDE



Cleans OUTSIDE



Cleans BETWEEN the Teeth



Our dear Miss Waldo:

THE girls in the preparatory classes of Ready School have formed a club, and we have called it the Joy Givers' Club. We want you to know that we get CHILD LIFE every month. Will it be all right to keep that name for our club?

Our dues are five cents a month; and our teacher and some other friends are honorary members and they pay twenty-five cents. We bought material for caramels with our first money and we make caramels for sale. We now have on hand about twelve dollars. We want about fifteen dollars to give to the milk and ice fund for the little babies. Easter Sunday we gave two dollars to our church and we paid for our CHILD LIFE.

Tuesday afternoons from two-thirty to four o'clock we have our meetings. Some of the girls are painting little covers for books; others are making post albums. One girl is making horse reins for the boys, and some of us are embroidering little sets for trays. We also are making "homes" in books; we have the picture of a beautiful house for the first page and on the other pages we will paste a kitchen, laundry, dining room, sitting room, bathroom, nursery and a bedroom. After we finish these things we want to give them to some hospital to interest little sick children.

We have sent away for a catalogue of the Perry pictures. We thought it would be nice to have a picture of Sir Galahad and of Christ Blessing Little Children for our classroom.

We hope you will allow us to use the name of your club; it is just the name we like best.

THE JOY GIVERS' CLUB
of Ready School,
Baltimore, Md.

SPOT

MY DOGGIE'S name is Spot,
I tell him to eat a lot
Of bones and meat and milk,
To make him smooth as silk.

DEAN LOWE
Age 7 years Logansport, Ind.



"None genuine without Trade Mark"

Real Cleanliness

YOU constantly wash your underwear sheets and quilts, but it is impossible to wash your mattresses. The *Excelsior Protector* will keep the mattresses fresh and clean. They are made in any size for bed or crib, and quilted so that they remain soft and fluffy in spite of washing and continuous use.

We have been making Mattress Protectors for over thirty years and guarantee every one. The best hotels and institutions throughout the country use *Excelsior Protectors* on their mattresses. Prove this the next time you are at a hotel by turning back the bed covers and looking at our Protector with the little red trade-mark sewed in one corner. Because of their many features they are especially suited to use on baby's crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress; save time and labor.

Endorsed by physicians and used by the best families who know.

One trial will convince you beyond any doubt.

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.

15 Leight Street
NEW YORK

LONG AGO

MIDST the tall green trees of a wood
A small blue pool for ages had stood.
It now shows signs of long ago
When Indians tramped through the drifting snow.
Maybe the chief gave a command
And made strange motions with his dark colored hand.

HELEN G. BORDEN
Asbury Park, N. J.

Age 10 years



THE FAIRIES AND THE BUMBLEBEE

A BLACK and yellow bumblebee
Flew over our bush of roses,
And only stopped to fall on his knee
To some fairies who turned up their noses.

MARY DENE HUGHES
Age 12 years St. Louis, Mo.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A CHAIR

THIS is a very pathetic story. These poor people live in a house that has nothing but stoves. The tired Mamma is trying to cook supper on the big stove, and it is so high she can hardly reach the pot. The Papa has to go out and sit down on the steps for there are no chairs—no rocking chairs, no chairs at all. Once he was sitting on the steps, so tired because he had worked hard all day. A man came leading a great big horse, and on the horse's back was a beautiful chair and a table with a bowl of roses on it. And now, don't you know that the Mamma and Papa will be very happy?

BILLY BRITTON
Age 3 years New York City

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE WEDDING

THE bride was all ready for the wedding, dressed in a yellow dress. She had her hands clasped tight together which was a trick she had. She was going to be married outdoors and she had sort of an arbor place ready with benches around to sit down on and there were many bushes there, too. All the people were waiting outside and the bride was with them. She thought it would be fun to dance before she was married, so she chose a little girl to dance with and they began to dance all over the grass.

There was a sort of lake on the grounds, with a bridge over it, and they kept getting nearer and nearer this until all at once they fell in. The people all ran and, leaning over the bridge, called, "Help! Help! Help!" but besides being a bride she was a plain lady as well and knew how to swim. She began to swim to shore with the little girl hanging on to the train of her bride's dress. They got there safely and after they were dry they danced again before it was time for the wedding.

ELIZABETH ANNETTE EBSEN
Age 5 years Montclair, N. J.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE been reading CHILD LIFE for a year, and I like it as much as any of my story books. Last summer I was up at Hoosick Falls, N. Y. I brought the August CHILD LIFE with me and read it on the boat and in the train and every day that there was rain. I am sending with this letter a poem about my electric train.

MY ELECTRIC TRAIN

I HAVE a big electric train,
It can go very fast;
A pullman and a dining car.
And an observation last.
I have a little crossing gate,
And a lighted station too;
And next year maybe I will get
Some more things that are new.

WILLIAM RYAN
Age 9 years Philadelphia, Pa.



AMERICAN STATIONERY

*A Generous Pack
at a Low Price*

Considering that our "Regular Package" contains approximately two pounds of high grade bond paper (number one rag stock) it is quite natural that so many people should ask us outright, "How do you do it?" The value is extraordinary. Q In fact American Stationery meets the need of a first-class household note paper so well that it is widely used for informal correspondence in the country's better homes. Q Order a trial package for your home; we know you will delight in its use.

200 Sheets \$1.00
100 Envelopes
PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS

This comprises our "Regular Package" which is made up as follows and mailed postpaid. PAPER: National Bank Bond — clear, white, fine textured; exquisite writing surface. SIZE: Sheet 6x7; envelopes to match. INK: Name and address, printed as shown in illustration, in rich, dark blue ink.

For orders west of Denver and outside United States, add 10%. Always remit with order. With our exceptional facilities and large plant, we fill all orders with amazing speed. We have no agents or branch plants. All American Stationery is sold by mail from Peru, Indiana, where we as originators of this type of note paper have successfully manufactured it for eight years.

The American Stationery Co.
730 Park Avenue, Peru, Indiana

COUPON

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
730 PARK AVENUE, PERU, INDIANA
Gentlemen: Herewith is \$1.00 for 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or print copy plainly.)
MONEY READILY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

Mail

Genuine Hawaiian
UKELELE

\$1.97

HERE'S joy for every boy and girl, and grown-ups too—A genuine Ukelele, full sized and finely made—a real Hawaiian instrument in a nice cloth carrier for only \$1.97.

If
You
Act
Quickly

SEND NO MONEY

And you don't have to pay a cent until the instrument is in your hands. Simply mail the coupon below, no matter where you live, you will receive this entrancing instrument. You pay the postman and if it does not please you in every respect, just mail it back and we will refund you every cent of your money.

There is plenty of tone and volume in this instrument. Just the thing for picnics, beach parties, boat parties and gatherings of all sorts. The Summertime is Ukelele time. What fun you can have with one.

If you want a self instructor just check in the square provided. It is only 25 cents extra.

But act at once. The demand for these Ukeleles at this price is going to swamp us with orders. We may never be able to secure others to sell this low. Then mail the coupon today. Remember, you pay nothing until the instrument is in your hands. You get every cent of your money back if you don't like it.

CARTER B. CORDNER COMPANY

"The Music House for Children"

Dept. 16, 1020 Wilson Ave., Chicago, Illinois

CARTER B. CORDNER CO.

Dept. 16, 1020 Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once your Genuine Hawaiian Ukelele. I will pay postman \$1.97 plus the few cents postage. It is understood that my money is to be refunded if the instrument is not satisfactory in every respect.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Please include a Self Instructor with my outfit. It will cost me 25c extra.

NO BREAKFAST FOR KITTY

LITTLE birdie singing in a tree,
Kitty at the window, saying,
"There's a fine breakfast for me."
Birdie winks and seems to say,
"No, you are mistaken."
Then she flies away.

CREIG HOYT
Age 6 years Grove City, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. A friend of mine started taking CHILD LIFE and I looked over it. It looked like a good magazine, so I went down town and bought it that evening. It proved to be good. I know, because my sister and I want to read it at the same time and my mother and father read it after we go to bed. I am going to take it all the time now. I am writing a story.

A NEW END OF THE
PIED PIPER'S STORY

AFTER the Pied Piper took the children in the cave it was so brightly lighted they had to keep their eyes shut at first. But pretty soon they began looking around, and there were just the things they all wanted. Susie had a doll and buggy and Tommy a Teddy Bear and game. Every one was delighted and began playing.

Servants served a splendid dinner which was new and unusual to all except Mildred and Harold, the mayor's children. It was snowing the next morning, and all the children found winter clothes ready for them and a hot breakfast. After eating, there were no dishes for the little girls to wash and no kindling for the boys to carry. So they all went out in the snow and played. Every other day it was nice sunshiny weather and every other day it was nice snowy weather. The children enjoyed it all so much that they never thought of asking the Pied Piper if they could go back home. So I think they still live there.

LOIS FISHER
Age 11 years Joplin, Mo.

Oh! Boy!



Climax
TRADE MARK

Ventilated
Baby Pants

DOES your baby chafe, no matter how careful you are? Here is a rubber garment, designed by a mother, that will give baby lots of comfort through the hot summer months and keep him from soiling his clothing.

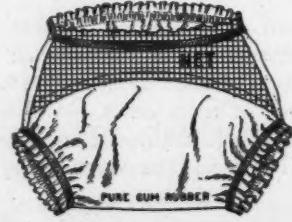
**Cool,
Comfortable**

The marquisette (net) runs across the front only, cut low on sides, in order to give plenty of ventilation where needed. The quality of materials used in Climax garments assures long wear. The patented ornamental stitch over the elastic on leg and waist bands holds the garment in place and is very attractive.

Either with net or all rubber. Colors—white, yellow or flesh. Small, medium and large sizes, 50 cents a pair. Extra large, 75 cents a pair. Rubber pants for dolls, 10 cents per pair.

If your dealer does not carry the CLIMAX line, write for our catalogue of women's and babies' sanitary garments. Be sure to state name of your dealer.

CLIMAX SPECIALTY CO.
1515 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.



THE QUEST FOR THE LAMP OF TRUTH

YEARS and years ago in a beautiful castle of dazzling gold and silver stood a lamp on a stand. This was the Lamp of Truth. If it shone on a true man he became more truthful than ever, but if it shone on a man who was deceitful and untrue his thoughts could plainly be read. Many kings and princes had tried to get the lamp but could not because none were worthy to prove the tests that stood in the way, so they had to turn back.

Finally a knight named Sir Thane heard of the lamp and set out on the quest. He came in sight of the castle, glittering and shining in the sun. In order to reach it he had to pass through a dark, narrow ravine but, nothing daunted, he started through.

A little way ahead of Sir Thane, in the ravine, lay a great bird with one wing broken. He at once got off his horse, took some healing water from a spring near-by and healed the bird's wing. He was just going on when the bird turned into a maiden, glittering with jewels that covered her white dress. The maiden said, "You are a kind knight and have finished the first test. Others passed me by and lost." So saying she disappeared.

Sir Thane wondered, but went on. A little while later he came upon a terrible giant towering into the sky. "Did you help that bird?" the giant said. "If you did I shall have you for my supper." "I helped the bird," replied the knight in a strong voice. Then the giant turned to a youth dressed in rich velvet. "You are a truthful knight and have overcome the second test," said the youth, and so saying he also disappeared.

Sir Thane had gone just a little way when he came to the castle and entered. In front of him stood an old woman who said, "See that hall?" The knight looked and saw a large hall in which were all kinds of wild beasts and monsters, terrible to behold. "You have to go through that hall,"



Baby Can Now Have a

TAYLOR-TOT

5 Days' Free Trial

Our guarantee of satisfaction or your money back enables you to give TAYLOR-TOT a thorough five-day test. If you are not completely satisfied at that time you money and return postage will be promptly refunded.

Patents pending in U.S. & foreign countries

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FRANK F. TAYLOR MFG. CO.,
Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio
Send me a TAYLOR-TOT complete with Extra Front Wheel and Handle—\$4.00 with my postage when it comes. If I choose not to keep it I will return it with your guarantee to promptly refund my money and return postage. It is understood that I have five days in which to test the TAYLOR-TOT. (If you do not desire the Extra Front Wheel and Handle, run line through it.)
(Please write plainly)

.....

Dept. L-4

Summer Sewing for Your Children

will be made easy with Laura Valentine's assistance. We suggest you write her today for her "Talks on Frocks and Suits for Children." This interesting little booklet contains charming designs and many suggestions and instructions regarding materials and patterns. Keep it on your sewing table—you will find it indispensable in planning your children's spring and summer clothes.

Send 25c in Stamps for a copy of our latest booklet.

CHILD LIFE
PATTERN DEPARTMENT
536 S. Clark St. Chicago

KNITTING WOOLS

Send for 330 FREE samples

COLONIAL YARN HOUSE
1231 Cherry St., Dept. 8 Phila., Pa.

"Polly put the kettle on; We'll all have tea!"

AND what a charming tea party it can be when my-little-lady has a Delta Tea Wagon to assist her in serving the goodies that she has prepared at the Delta Kitchen Cabinet.

Delta Toys that last are hand-made of selected materials, carefully assembled, beautifully finished—playthings of distinction that your children will cherish and pass on to the next generation.

The Delta Kitchen Cabinet is \$10.00.

The Delta Tea Wagon may be ordered in white enamel or mahogany finish for \$5.00 and with drop leaves for \$6.00.

Send for the catalog describing other Delta TOYS THAT LAST.

DELTA
CORPORATION
213 Harvard Ave.
Swarthmore, Pa.





TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have at the best private school.

A unique system teaches children from kindergarten to 12 years of age by correspondence at home, with the modern methods, guidance and supervision of a great day school, established 1897, with a world-wide reputation for training young children. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL
11 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.

NEW AUTO SWING

ONLY \$1 Complete as illustrated

Address to: New Auto Swing Co., 11 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you and your children do not find Auto Swinging to be the most fun they have ever had for one dollar, send it back and we will refund your dollar. You are the judge! Remember this is positively a

LIMITED TIME SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

and our method of placing this new invention for children in the greatest number of homes in the shortest time. Send us your name, address and One Dollar Bill or money order and we will send you a complete Auto Swing with privilege of 10 Day Free Trial and Money Back Guarantee. As a special inducement during this month we Pay Postage. \$1 is your first, last and only payment. Please mail the dollar and your name and address today.

AUTO SWING CO., Nappanee, Ind.

TEN DAY Free Trial

Address Dept. 7-CL

Price \$8.50

Rock-A-Bye Suspended Crib
A beautiful bed for baby. Heavy white duck, on a stand of hard wood reinforced with steel angles.
Your dealer or by mail to:
Perfect Baby Mfg. Co.
2718 North Leffingwell Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

**Ada Maxon's
Frocks for Tots**

For Sale at
All Dealers

ADA MAXON
459 E. Water St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

PLAIN 50¢
FANCY 75¢
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
LEARN TO SWIM NOW
GUARANTEED BY AYVAD MFG. CO.-HOBOKEN-N.J.

said the old woman. "And on the other side is a flight of stairs which you must climb. At the head of the stairs is the Lamp of Truth." So saying she hobbled away.

Now, the other knights and kings and princes had not had the courage to go through that hall, but Sir Thane, sword in hand, strode forward. He had a hard fight but at last overcame all the monsters, and at the door on the other side again met the old woman who said, "You are a courageous knight and have overcome the third and last test. The Lamp of Truth is yours." So saying she vanished as had the others.

After an hour's climbing Sir Thane found himself at the top of the stairs in a richly draped room, containing no furniture save a dazzling table inlaid with gold and set with all manner of jewels. In the center of the table stood the Lamp of Truth.

The knight took the lamp, went down the stairs, through the castle and out into the courtyard; but as soon as he had crossed the drawbridge there was a noise as of thunder and the castle disappeared. At last a knight had stood the three tests of kindness, truthfulness and courage. The quest was accomplished.

ENID ADAMS
Age 11 years
Portland, Ore.

THE EAGLE AND THE CHIPMUNK

ONCE there was a little chipmunk, who was awfully cute. He was running around on the ground when down came a big, hungry eagle out of the sky. The cruel eagle flew down and grabbed the poor little chipmunk with his long finger nails. He was going to eat the chipmunk for his breakfast, but the chipmunk had an idea. He started right in and made such awful faces at the eagle that the eagle got sick in his tummy and couldn't eat, and the little chipmunk got away.

LOTUS HEWITT
Age 5 years
Corvallis, Ore.

THREE LITTLE BIRDS

THREE little birds in a tree
Sing gayly to me.
I sing up at the tree
And they sing back at me!

AMADEO PRIMAVERO
Age 7 years
Denver, Colo.

THE STORY OF BOZO

Dictated by the Hyde Park Public School Kindergarten, Cincinnati, O.

BOZO is our pet alligator, who came from Florida. He came to our city in a small box in a mail car. When he arrived the postman brought him out to us. He lives in the engine room of our school because this is so nice and warm. The janitor takes such good care of him, for he likes him as much as we do. He feeds him by forcing his mouth open and putting bits of raw meat down his throat. His house is a big box and it has a pan fitted in the bottom. Sometimes the pan rusts and makes Bozo's back red. Then the janitor scrubs him and gets him quite clean. When the children gather round him he swims around in the pan, and if one puts his finger in the box Bozo snaps at it. He has grown about an inch and a half since he came to us. We hope we can keep him until he gets quite big and then we will give him to the Zoo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a riddle I wrote at the age of nine. I have just discovered your wonderful magazine. I want to be a Joy Giver. Please print my poem or riddle, whichever it is, if there is room.

A RIDDLE

SWEET as a tulip,
Looks like a rose,
No one can guess it,
For no one knows.
Fair as a lily in the early morn,
Looks like a pansy when it is first
born.

Answer: My Mother.

ELIZABETH ADAMS
Age 10 years
Little Rock, Ark.

